THE
ENGLISH
REVIEW
1/6 NET

JUNE, 1932

NEW EXTRACTS FROM
SAMUEL BUTLER'S NOTEBOOKS
(CONTINUED)

AD ASTORA
Geoffrey Dennis

"RECOVERY" ACCORDING TO SALTER
Sir Ernest Benn

STORY IN SPITE OF ROMANCE
Stella Benson

MANCHURIA'S PRIME MINISTER
Sir Reginald F. Johnston

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT
Edited by Herbert Agar

Reviews by:—HUGH KINGSMILL; OSBERT BURDETT;
ARNOLD LUNN; D. C. SOMERVELL, ETC.

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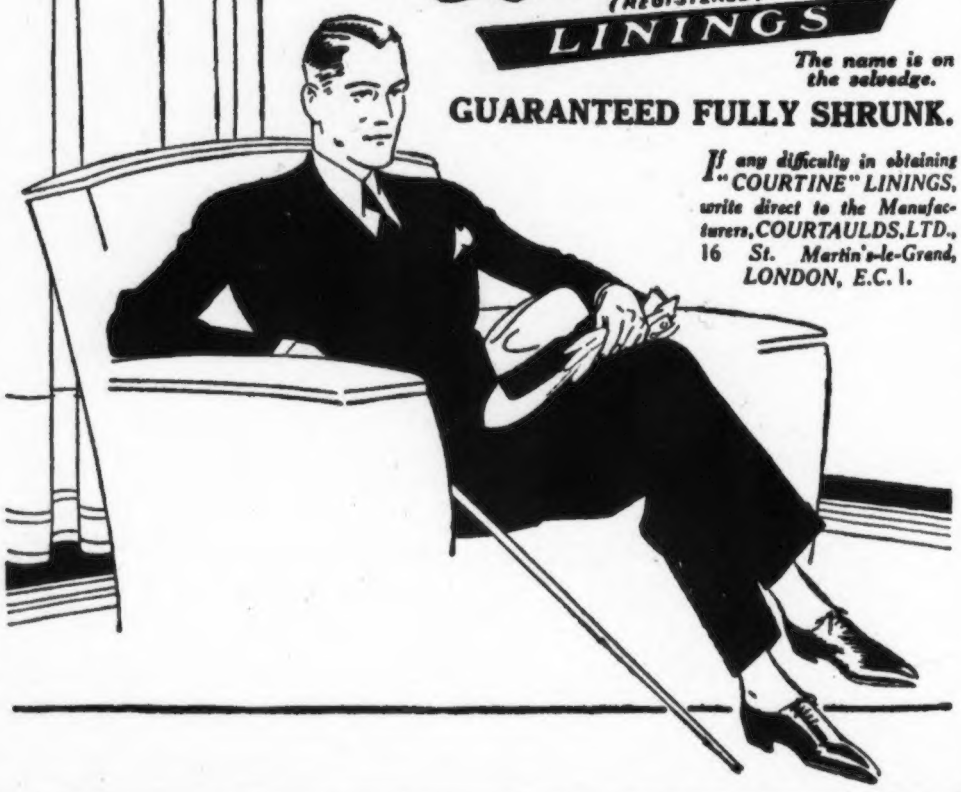

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Current Comments

THE House adjourned at Whitsun with the main lines of Government policy still indeterminate. Yet the currency question must be boldly faced and it can do no harm to state clearly the points at issue. Everyone is agreed on two facts. The first is that at the present level of sterling prices the country cannot afford anything like the present rate of State and local authorities' expenditure. The second is that a repetition of the post-war policy which dragged the £ sterling back to the pre-war dollar parity would lead to another financial crisis at least as grave as that of last November. It is something that there should be general agreement, but, unfortunately, a pious concurrence in a policy of negatives is not enough to rebuild our commerce, industry or our agriculture. The questions raised in the House of Commons by Sir Robert Horne, Mr. Amery, Mr. Wardlaw Milne, Mr. Boothby, and Mr. Josiah Wedgwood have got to be faced.

Do we Need a Conference?

IT must be presumed that the Government are as well aware of this as anyone else. Quite obviously, their present policy is directed primarily to the conversion of the 5 per cent. War Loan, a programme which the stagnation of industry actually assists, so long as there is confidence that the Government action to be taken after the conversion operation will be determined by the needs of industry and not by the prejudices or interests of the banks. At present there is opposition in many quarters to any policy directed towards raising sterling prices independently of a rise in gold prices. This opposition will breed strange bedfellows, and Mr. Winston Churchill in lending countenance to it has separated himself rather

prematurely from the other leaders of non-official Conservatism. Concerted action to raise the level of gold prices is, unfortunately, not a policy; it is merely a phrase, and a phrase which means either too much or too little. If it means another conference, it is only verbiage. If it means the restoration of order and peace in Asia, the re-establishment of good government and sound administration in the United States, the appeasement of European rivalries, the settlement of the Polish question and the problem of Franco-German relations and the return of Russia into the comity of nations, then to turn these dreams into facts demands the conquest of the world by a second Alexander.

Can the Bankers Help?

IF there is anything more foolish than to attribute the present world *malaise* to the sinister activities of bankers, it is to suppose that this *malaise* can be removed by bankers. The central banks, by taking joint action, can increase the volume of international credit, but they cannot provide for its remunerative or even reasonably prudent employment. You can always set a bankrupt on his feet by lending him money, but you cannot keep him there. Far be it from us to deny the need for international co-operation, but it is not co-operation to neglect your own business in order to interfere with someone else's. There are four fields where co-operation is indispensable to the world, but the co-operation must be that of the interested parties, not that of the international politicians. The first essential is the co-operation of the nations of the British Commonwealth in reconstructing their own industry and finances. The second essential is the co-operation of the nations of Central Europe in a similar endeavour. The third essential is the co-operation of the States which make up the United States of America in restoring in that vast sub-continent just administration and the reign of law. The fourth essential is the co-operation of the races who

inhabit the territories of the old Chinese Empire in the task of re-establishing good government over that vast area. None of these great aggregates of population can help each other in their essential tasks, but they can help the whole world by helping themselves, and if and when they have set their hands to the task and carried it through, the desired rise in world prices will follow.

Our Own Problems Defined.

BUT this is not all. Those English politicians who look for international action to raise the world level of prices are not merely looking for something they will not get out of conferences or committees or Leagues or Pacts, but for something which, if they got it, could not, by itself, solve our domestic problems. These problems have nothing to do with the foreign exchanges; they arise from an annual governmental expenditure which is out of all proportion to the national income. This disproportion can only be remedied by a combined policy of currency expansion and economy.

The Need for Currency Expansion.

THE policy of economy is excellent and absolutely necessary as a supplement to the policy of currency expansion, because by economy alone can a saving be made in that portion of our expenditure which is required to provide services as opposed to cash benefits and interest payments. As Sir Ernest Benn, however, has pointed out most forcibly—and his latest book, "Honest Doubt," is not far from being his most powerful contribution to the campaign for a reduction in government expenditure—the most serious of the commitments of the State are not accounted for by services which the State has undertaken to provide, but by cash payments which the State has undertaken to make.

How to Reduce our Commitments.

IT may be argued that the best way to face this problem is to reduce all pensions, insurances, etc., by a further percentage cut. This is to single out one class of *rentier*

—the poor *rentier*—for treatment from which the rich *rentier*—the holder of Government securities—is exempt. Such discrimination has grave political objections, even though it could be defended on logical grounds. There is, however, an over-riding economic objection which is decisive. Assume that it were practical policy to make further cuts in salaries, in pensions, in insurance benefits, and in doles, the deflationary effect of the policy would be to depress prices, to make those industries and individuals who are in debt to the banks worse off than they are to-day, and to concentrate the benefits resulting from the reduction of taxation into the hands of the mortgagees, the holders of debentures and the banks.

The Test of a Sane Financial Policy.

THE deadweight of indebtedness mainly incurred at a far higher level of prices oppresses industry far more disastrously than it does the State, and as in all similar crises in the history of the world, every measure can be judged at once as remedial or the reverse according as it will ease or intensify the hardships of the debtors. That the creditor interests also stand to gain by a revival of trade is an understatement. In no circumstance can they hope to get paid back at the present level of prices the money they lent in more prosperous times. Without such a stimulus to the purchasing power of the community as a policy of currency expansion (accompanied, of course, by using wages) alone can give, the creditor interests will get nothing at all.

The Ethical Question.

THOSE who argue that currency expansion will hurt some interests and create some anomalies are saying what is obviously true. But nations, like industries, must cut their losses or go into liquidation. When a loss has been made, it has been made for ever. No jugglery can unmake it. The position of those who will lose by currency expansion is the same as that of any other body of shareholders whose business is faced with

bankruptcy. They can cut their loss and carry on, and so preserve their interest in the business, and their right to share in future profits, or they can throw up the sponge. What they cannot do is to extract a dividend out of an overcapitalized business without driving it into liquidation. Here is no question of ethics, but a question of fact. To the extent to which they recognize it as such will the Government be able to set us again on the road to prosperity.

"Why Zoos?"

THE farcical proceedings over Sunday entertainments do no good to the cause of religion. As Mr. A. P. Herbert pertinently asks: "Why Zoos?" There is nothing more immoral about the theatre or the cinema than about public-houses, zoos or museums. Let those who plead for Sunday observance do so openly and demand the closing of all places, including golf clubs, which provide amusement on Sunday. Let those who, indifferent to Sunday observance, think it wrong to make others work on Sunday, even if they get another day off in exchange, be honest in their turn and do their own housework and cooking on Sunday. And while these faddists are endeavouring by example and precept to convert us to their views, let Christians remember that the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. And let them have the courage of the Founder of their religion, and risk a little unpopularity among the narrow sectaries by standing up for the historical Christian conception of Sunday as a day of rejoicing.

The Disarmament Conference.

THE Disarmament Conference has now admittedly failed, and will probably peter out in a series of resolutions directed to humanizing war. We do not regret the result. We are, on the contrary, profoundly relieved that it has not so far led to an increase in armaments, though this possibility must still be reckoned with. We

should very greatly welcome a general renunciation of the bombing of civilians from the air and nothing but disgust can be felt for the insincerity of those who pretend that there are technical difficulties in the way. Quite obviously capital cities like Paris, Berlin or Warsaw will have an importance in a European war as centres of government, but this fact no more justifies bombing them than it justifies poisoning their water supply, and if among all the cant and humbug which pours from the pacifist platforms there were a shillingsworth of sincerity, the nations would agree to retaliatory action by the League of Nations against any Power which bombed any town other than a town in a state of siege. The same principle of international retaliatory action could be taken against any Power which, not being in a position to enforce an effective blockade, endeavoured to achieve the same result by sinking merchant vessels with their crews. The lamentable fact is that the vile materialism which is at the root of pacificism is concerned not to save human life, but to deny to minorities the essential human right to fight and die for their beliefs. Sooner than recognize this right it will tolerate the grossest abuses of power.

The Problem of Justice.

THIS fundamental fact has also helped to spoil the chances of an effective limitation in the size of ships and guns. Here, however, another factor has been at work. Such limitation limits the ability of nations to overcome geographical handicaps. It has the further disadvantage of neutralizing certain very important provisions of the Treaty of Versailles, as Sir Charles Petrie pointed out in his notes on foreign affairs last month. All of which only goes to prove that the Disarmament Conference has not only been used by the materialists to further their aim of building a world organization in which human liberty and minority beliefs have been denied the right of self-preservation, but has also been used to further the

aims of old-fashioned diplomatists anxious to promote the interests of one country at the expense of another. We can only repeat the truism that in the absence of a recognized code of justice and of machinery for enforcing justice, war remains inevitable. The neglect of this truism has been the tragedy of Europe for many centuries and bids fair to continue to be so. The peace of the Antonines remains a brief and isolated episode in the long history of human crimes and human follies.

The Pope's Encyclical.

THE new Papal Encyclical is an important document in its outspoken attack on human greed as the cause at the root of the modern evil. There is a danger, however, lest the English Press, which does not consider the subject-matter of sufficient importance to print the Encyclical, misleads the public by quotations from those passages which attack nationalism. English people seem to imagine that the alternative to nationalism is internationalism. This is an elementary error. The alternative conceptions are irresponsible nationalism and nationalism subject to the moral law. Internationalism has neither the potential advantages of the one—peace founded and maintained by force—nor the moral and practical advantage of the other—peace founded on justice. Its fruits can be adequately summed up as war resulting from the explicit denial of the principle of justice. Short of war, moreover, internationalism has every conceivable practical disadvantage. To widen the area of fruitful co-operation is essential. The Balkanization of the world which has been the chief result of the post-war diplomacy and the pacifist philosophy is an evil thing. But co-operation, to be fruitful, must be based on common interests and common traditions, and must be over an area sufficiently well defined and coherent as to render effective administrative action for the common good a practical possibility. Industry offers a fruitful analogy. A body of shareholders can effectively criticize

the conduct of a business which they collectively own. A body representing all the shareholders in all the industries of Europe would be quite powerless. Man's capacity for self-government is limited. Even the modern National State is too large to be effectively governed by universal suffrage worked on a geographical basis. The realized common interest is altogether too remote. In the world order effective international action as vulgarly conceived is impossible. The modern world has to face the fact or perish.

Protection and the Empire.

THE first results of Protection have been statistically good. We are bidding fair to re-establish a good favourable balance of trade and to restore our financial prestige. But we are not restoring unemployment, and the prospects of help from Ottawa are poor. The reasons are two. The first is the lack of a declared currency policy designed to reduce the burden of expenditure. The second is the lack of a clearly defined Protectionist policy directed to employment. The objection to the revenue tariff has always been that it created a network of vested interests without effectively protecting. This is not a criticism of the imposition of the tariff. It was needed to restore our trade balance and to give cover for the operation of creating a permanent tariff. The latest tariff orders do not unfortunately suggest any clearly defined aim in the minds of the Commissioners. The Commissioners can reply with force that unless they know what changes are going to be made in governmental policy they are powerless. Industrialists can reply equally effectively that without a guarantee of some permanence and without a knowledge of their future overhead expenses and the probable gold value of the £ sterling, they cannot be expected to install new plant and to extend their sales organizations. The position of the Dominion Governments at Ottawa will be the same, and no result will follow from that Conference

unless the Government go there with their own policy clearly defined, and unless they are prepared to initiate and secure a mandate for a ten years' policy.

"One of the Best Novels."

MY attention has been called to Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour's new novel by Mr. Gould's description of it "as one of the best novels of one of the best living novelists." An event, indeed, I felt, and all the more so because amid the noise and smoke of our post-war world I had never read anything by "one of the best of living novelists." Was this, I wondered, another Conrad calling me to strange fairylands, a new Hardy beckoning me across the Styx, or, perhaps, George Eliot reborn into the new century? Or Anatole France, reincarnated in the feminine gender, or a female Somerset Maugham, an even more astonishing portent? Or a Wells, a Kipling, an Olive Schreiner, a George Moore, a Paul Bourget, a d'Annunzio, a Wasserman, a Heinrich Mann, or a Hergesheimer? Or even a Colette? But at this point I felt, perhaps, I was old-fashioned. Perhaps it was the system which holds Joyce and Huxley and Lawrence into which the new Planet had swum all unbeknown to a mere dilettante of letters. Why not get the book, I thought, and proceeded to do so, with all the more eagerness of expectation, for I learnt in the interval between ordering and getting the book that it had "that rare, precious, dangerous gift of style."

An Old-world Tale.

I do not deny to "Maids and Mistresses" a certain slickness. It is not the slickness of the world we used to know, when servants were called servants and a man's mistress was no more a subject for conversation than his underclothes. But fashions have apparently changed, and words, when all is said, are but counters. What of the reality which they subserve? The book is a monograph on the physical sex relationships of some suburban

women (socially quite impossible to place) and a parlourmaid. Men play no part in it. The physical attributes of masculinity, as required, are tacked on to *Daily Mirror feuilleton* dummies, whose behaviour in turn is patterned on the music-hall husbands of thirty years ago—husbands who get drunk " at the club," who make violent love to sobbing women, whose friends call them " ol' man," who leave the light on the stairs when they come home, and make indecent proposals to the parlourmaid when she gets up to find out what the noise is all about.

Strange Talk in Suburbia.

BUT the men, let us admit it at once, are better than the women. If only the women belonged to any literary convention, however absurd ! Instead they discuss their lovers with their mothers, and their husbands' marital deficiencies, and their own intimate ailments and obsessions and lusts. In reply one mother urges the practice of contraception, and another calls her daughter a harlot. Nothing else, except a good deal of servants' gossip, uniformly dirty, and a pathetic attempt to create an atmosphere of culture by references to the work of—or, to be accurate, to the existence of works written by—Lawrence, Wells, and Galsworthy. Shades of 1910 !

Why Bother ?

IT is unkind, perhaps, to go on. But one cannot leave it there, for " there " is where the critics have placed it. " The best work of one of the best of living novelists." Lenin himself never penned a bitterer commentary on a world gone mad. Let us temper mercilessness with justice. Quite obviously Mrs. Kean Seymour does not share Mr. Gould's opinion of this book. It is, as plainly as a pikestaff, a book written to sell. When it moves the reader—and in places it is definitely moving—it moves by a trick of photography. It is not written in the idiom of literature, and the sense of timelessness and other

worldliness which is essential to tragedy and comedy alike is simply absent. It is of the essence of tragedy that the stroke should be the stroke of fate, not chance, that the action should be in time and the result for eternity. In this book every condition of artistic significance is violated. The characters are generalized (with one exception, and there the authoress throws up the sponge and stages an unconvincing suicide) and the springs of action are particularized to the point of inconsequence. The result is a series of photographs of theatrical "curtains" moving only when they touch a chord of memory and only then when, and it happens rarely, they touch it with a sufficient degree of cleanliness to awaken it.

An Extraordinary Achievement.

THE authoress in 500 pages achieves the almost impossible task of subtracting much from our experience and adding nothing. To achieve this ghastly nullity, Mrs. Kean Seymour reverses the literary convention which has served well enough the purpose of every great artist in words since the beginning of civilization, and ignores all of life but the physical antagonism of the sexes. Even physical love has too little connection with lust to find a place in these 500 pages. If this is the altar before which critics bow, we had better return to the golden calf. At least it had a break-up value, and the break-up cannot be long delayed unless we can illumine the landscape of these drab days with at least a flicker of—

"The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration of the poet's dream."

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Ad Astora

By Geoffrey Dennis

I HAVE just been reading "John Jacob Astor," a work in two bulky volumes, written by Mr. Kenneth Wiggins Porter, Research Assistant in Business History, Graduate School of Business Administration, George F. Baker Foundation, Harvard University, U.S.A., sponsored by Mr. N. S. B. Gras, Straus Professor of Business History in that school, and published in this country by Mr. Humphrey Milford of the Oxford University Press at the price of sixty English shillings.

This work is faultlessly printed and produced, on most excellent paper with most excellent illustrations, and the blue wrapper has an attractive design of a theme dear to Americans and by them triumphantly handled, the theme of their imperial city: little old New York below, with its lowly skyline and the sealine of humble sailing ships, new New York behind, above, in insolent turretted glory scraping heaven. All this money, merit, technical skill, spent on a book not really important in anything but size could send one reflecting a moment on one or two idle matters: the pity and poverty of the book industry at this hour in half-a-dozen countries whose books are not less good than this, the modester garb that of old sufficed for many of the great masterpieces of history, the growing disproportion of late between the technical improvement in book making and the literary. . . . Very idle matters.

Not that this work of Mr. Porter's is without real merits; chief among which is its freedom from certain faults. I have read several lives of rich men. Some of these, like Gustavus Myers' celebrated series, are too obviously and unpleasantly partisan; the demagogy of their anti-capitalism affects their style, and the reader, unfavourably; the one-sided ranting, the preordained attribution of all crimes to Midas, obscures their great virtues and weakens their almost unanswerable case. Others, such as Elizabeth Gebhard's life of this same

John Jacob Astor, and many other such products of the American worship-of-wealth school, are as uncritical of their own literary powers as in their adoration of Mammon, and are usually silly and sometimes disgusting. I would not go as far as Professor Gras and affirm that Mr. Porter has, with complete success, " steered between the two extremes of worship and hypercriticism "; in his fear of the latter he has at moments seemed to hug the Calabrian shore of orthodoxy a little too closely. But he never attains to blind admiration; his defect is rather a sort of colour-blindness to the darker tints of the whole money-making picture; which are, here, we think, very dark indeed. He avoids alike the tiresome monotony of abuse that renders unreliable and unreadable most left-wing writing about rich men and the glittering Napoleonic idealization of them that has disfigured much recent stuff, more ambitious as literature, wherein mere wage-slavers or lucky speculators are awarded supreme place in the Valhalla of Fame. He has produced an unromantic life, not a *vie romancée*. His writing, too, is refreshingly free from all be-Stracheyed clever-clever of the English type, as also—more surprisingly, on a subject that, at any rate till the Wall Street tornado of 1929, was the favourite lyrical theme across the water—from all bright-and-breezy of the American type. It is without rant, would-be picturesqueness, slapdash moralizing, pert allusion, high relief, purple patches. This is much to be thankful for.

Only—Mr. Porter's writing is almost too free from all these. In a word, it is dull.

Whether the dullness was unconsciously communicated to the author's style by his subject or, as it is not too generous to assume, was at least partly deliberate, so as to suit his subject, I cannot say. Either hypothesis is reasonable. Astor was a dull dog; among his more famous fellow-millionaires of the past few generations, European and American alike, I can call to mind none duller. He was a hard humdrum getter, with no special

colour of personality that this or any other biography has been able to show forth. Think, in the States alone (though none of these have the interest of first-rate historical characters) of Harriman, Hill, Jay Gould, Rockefeller.

The well-known story is told plainly, without the allotment of much praise or much blame, with a formidable apparatus of references and notes in the best American university tradition, and with a total, or almost total, lack of apprehension of the social meaning and unsocial horror of such a career—young Astor (Aschtor), butcher's boy at the country village of Waldorf, baker's boy at the country town of New York, the musical instrument salesman, the fur trader, the China merchant, the banker, the moneylender, the first and greatest dealer in city real estate, at his death in 1848 the first great American multi-millionaire. We are shown, at each successive stage, the man's industry, determination, single-hearted concentration on business alone. We are shown, much less clearly and fully, the harshness, meanness, unscrupulousness, trickery, cruelty.

Of the two most celebrated counts against Astor, the misdeeds of his American fur company and the inelegance of his property transactions on Manhattan Island and up State, neither, in our view, is answered very satisfactorily, though the author is at least aware that some answer is called for. As regards the famous fur epoch, we will leave aside Astor's manifold and tortuous dealings with the Washington Government and with the rival companies, in which he showed himself perhaps not more immoral than the other parties concerned, but merely more successful; we will leave aside also (and the stories of actual assassination to avoid payment of their miserable wages have never been positively proved) his mean, harsh and cruel treatment of his *engagés*, the French-Canadian trappers and agents who, amid the rigours of the prairie wilderness and the risks of the Redskin frontier, piled up his fortune for

him; the chief item of the indictment, and a chief fact of United States history, still remains—the degradation and extermination of the native American race, due less to inevitability than to whisky, of which Astor's American fur company was, on a scale to shame any poor latter-day bootlegger, the chief purveyor. If it is a credit to have slain a whole people, to have cleared the prairies of the half-civilization of the wigwam to make way for the half-civilization of Zenith, then to John Jacob Astor more than to any one man that credit is due; and history should praise him. When the traveller drawing nigh a trading post, found the prairie all around scattered with the recumbent forms of drunken braves, drunken squaws, yea, and drunken papooses, a whole tribe physically and morally devoured by the fire-water, the stager of that horrible scene was John Jacob Astor; and the lover of tragedy should thank him. He realized that the Red Man drunk was the Red Man more easily cheatable; he discovered that rum, gin, brandy, whisky were the highest profit commodities in the world; and he brought them to the frontier, by land and by water, in quantities his rivals and predecessors had never dreamed of. "Without ardent spirits," he said simply, "competition is hopeless."

He killed the Indian peoples. Foxes and Sacs, Pawnees and Blackfeet, Cherokees and Chickasaws; he killed them all. Perhaps, as history views such things, it did not very much matter. Perhaps, as rich man's (and rich woman's) history views such things, those heartrending scenes he promoted for a generation along the frontier may, generously, be held to have inspired that horror of the poor man's glass of beer in some eminent persons to-day. Perhaps it is not, as low common people have so unkindly alleged, mere desire to meddle with the habits of those less fortunate; but rather reparation, penitence, atonement. . . . Who shall judge the motives of others, the motives of spirits so ardent?

The fur trade laid the foundations of the Astor

fortune; the real estate transactions, in Manhattan chiefly, built that fortune up to its unprecedented heights. In these latter activities, the man "whose word by his own acknowledgment should never be taken, nor his promise considered binding, unless in writing," added to his genius for buying cheap and selling dear and his certitude of vision in the imperial future of New York City, a ruthlessness in foreclosing mortgages that can rarely have been excelled. And so, amid darkness, hunger and misery, and deaths of skeleton children in the cold cellars hard by, the Astor power and the Astor palaces arose.

These, the origins of this famous fortune, have a particular interest for us as Englishmen to-day, and a more general interest. For us as Englishmen, because the larger half of this fortune, the William Waldorf half, did us the honour of migrating to our hospitable shores—where, amongst other things, it secured possession of the chief English daily newspaper and the chief English weekly newspaper alike. If, in the one, we fancy we discern that a certain foreign Power is singled out from among all others for favour and admiration, we need not resent the fact, from the standpoint of world peace arguably a welcome fact; we need only understand it. If, in the other, some over-sensitive carpers and complainers judge immodest the space therein given to the benefits of Prohibition, but modest the space, if any, allotted to the horrors of Lynching, they should not get peevish or angry; they should only remember why.

More generally, this account of a very celebrated fortune makes one wonder whether the present-day admiration of the rich man is not just a little overdone. Here is one of the most famous of all his tribe, and we see him to be very mean, very dingy, possessed of scarcely a virtue but industry and scarcely a talent save that, exceedingly developed, of knowing "how to buy in low-priced markets and sell in high-priced ones," and no remarkable thing about him except a remarkable quantity

of luck. Are his present-day successors, our present-day gods—though, to be sure, some of them are a little more entertaining—much greater and nobler men than he? Do Ford and Chrysler, and Morgan and Armour, and Deterding and Zaharoff, merit wholly the adulation offered them not only by the mob, which indeed prefers Greta and Charlie and Marlene, not only by the prosperity-boosters of the States, but by the so-called educated classes of supposedly less materialistic Europe? We plead for no financial equality among men. The Soviet Union has not attained it. But we wonder whether ecstasy at the sight of financial inequality pushed to the region of crime, and beyond it to folly, is a wholesome sign, or anything but the best means of extending the Soviet Union's borders. We believe that inequality of talent will always keep men unequal. It is so even in Russia. But we refuse to believe that the measure of material reward should be as nightmarishly unequal as during the last century it has become, or that money-making talent should be rewarded and accounted beyond all others. That way lies even Russia.

So, in fact, it is accounted. The virus is everywhere. In France, for instance, in perhaps the most civilized country in the world, the excitement over very rich men —over Loewenstein and Kreuger, of strange death and unhappy memory both—has of late waxed to paroxysm in the Press and in literature and in so-called intellectual circles also. Is such excitement justified? Sometimes an amusing book is the result. Ilya Ehrenburg's "Europe, Société Anonyme," one of the best Soviet books—wherein, by a strangeness of prophecy, strangely unnoticed, Ivar Kreuger's strange death in Paris is foretold—plays with these people brilliantly. And Ford, and Rathenau and Rockefeller and the Rothschilds, have inspired other recent studies, readable if less amusing. The virus is everywhere. I, who write these sentences, and you, who are reading them, want to be rich, and we probably want it more than we want anything else, and

we want it probably more than we would have wanted it in any other generation of history, save only in the other Spenglerian Golden Ages of decline, and we envy and admire and idealize our would-be models. Solon admired Crœsus less, and told him so. Who now dare tell Zaharoff or Rockefeller what they think of them? Or rather, we tell them something different: that theirs is the first-degree happiness which the Athenian sage, standing before its great king in the rose-trellised city of Gog, refused to allow him, ascribing it instead to the merely virtuous and patriotic Tellius. For the statesmen and the soldiers, and the poets and the painters, and the philosophers and the priests, and the savants and the saints, and the great men and the good men, are all placed lower in our Pantheon, and the garnerers of gold alone crowned therewith. Only the makers of revolution, the Revolution (either way) that will follow this Golden Age, only they also excite us a little. Stalin or Mussolini set the pulse tingling almost as hard.

When the money kings play politics we revere them most. The Rothschilds dabbling in the French Wars and the Holy Alliance peace after it, Zaharoff a century later in the German war, and Kreuger and Deterding in the Versailles era following; these, with more variegated Europe as their theatre, are able to add the glamour of the throne or the council chamber, an old-acknowledged glory, to the prestige of their counting-houses. Poor John Jacob had only the Canadian 1812 war as martial-political setting, and thus he seems drabber. In reality, his glory was purer; he lived by and for money alone; kept alive by the yellow fever of which we are dying.

What is an Aggressive Weapon?

By Maior-General J. F. C. Fuller, C.B., C.B.E., D.S.O.

SINCE the conclusion of the World War, conference after conference has been indirectly wrecked on the question of the aggressor, and though much scholastic wisdom has been expended on its definition, it would appear to be as unsolvable a problem as that of "How many angels can stand upon the point of a needle." In spite of this most obvious fact, which must be patent to all who have taken the slightest interest in the affairs of the last fourteen years, this question of aggression has been carried into the problem of disarmament. Weapons are to be divided into two categories, namely, the more and the less aggressive, without even answering the question which should precede such a meta-tactical division, "What is an aggressive weapon?"

Logically, there is no answer to this question, because the premises are faulty. The very word weapon presupposes offensive, that is aggressive, power; in fact, all weapons must of their very nature be aggressive, consequently the problem resolves itself into one of degrees of aggression. Some weapons undoubtedly possess a higher offensive power than others; therefore it would seem that if we can eliminate those in the higher category, being left with those in the lower, wars will become less aggressive. The only fly in this argument is that aggressive power is a relative question. For example, the nineteenth-century rifle is a far more powerful weapon than the eighteenth-century musket; but abolish the rifle and at once the musket regains its lost powers, and in its own type of war is as aggressive as the rifle is in its, in fact, more aggressive, more destructive, for the percentage of casualties in musket warfare is considerably higher than that in rifle warfare. All that we shall have done is to barbarize war, that is, to put the military clock back by a century.

Does this argument hold good to-day? I fail to see why it should not. Take the three newest weapons, all

of which are consequently under the ban of aggressiveness, namely, the tank, gas and the aeroplane. An army equipped with these may be called a twentieth-century army, in contradistinction to an army equipped with rifles, machine-guns and cannon, which may be called a nineteenth-century army. The weapons of the first have proved themselves to be vastly superior to the second, so superior that a small, well-equipped twentieth-century army would have little to fear from an immense, well-equipped nineteenth-century one; these two meetings would be like Alexander's armoured cavalry and phalanx meeting the hordes of Darius at Arbela. The offensive power of the first is vastly higher than that of the second, but abolish the first, and what happens? Darius can recross the Hellespont.

The argument of aggression, unless examined from the relative point of view, is illogical. If it could lead to the abolition of war well and good; but if, instead, it can only reinstate a more barbaric form of war, I fail to see that anything beneficial will have been accomplished. We all know what a war between nineteenth-century weapons was like, the World War showed us this plainly. It cost the world 10,000,000 of lives, counting killed in battle only, and at a somewhat conservative estimate, £24,000,000,000 in money. If wars are going to cease well and good; no sane man wants a repetition of this form of warfare, yet if twentieth-century weapons are abolished this is the form of war we shall get.

But may not it be argued that twentieth-century warfare will prove even more destructive than nineteenth century? Certainly; but, nevertheless, facts are against this contention. Relatively the Napoleonic wars were considerably more destructive than the World War, and the Thirty Years' War far more destructive than the Napoleonic. History may, however, be a false guide; then turn to facts, facts deduced from the World War. Its destructive nature depended on its length, and its length on the difficulties of meeting the bullet on the

defensive, and not until newer weapons arrived did the bullet begin to lose its power. The tank saved thousands of lives, possibly hundreds of thousands; lethal and non-lethal gases proved themselves to be formidable weapons, yet whilst 23·4 per cent. of bullet and shell casualties proved fatal, amongst gas casualties only 1·87 per cent. did so. Above all, the aeroplane transferred war from the battlefield to capital and industrial cities, and whispered: "You civilians made this war, and you civilians shall suffer for it."

That this is realized there can be no doubt, otherwise why this attempt to restrict, or abolish, those weapons which can strike at the war-makers? In 1918 the politicians talked of a war to end war, for the war then in progress was one which was ruining victor and vanquished alike, it was a war of international suicide. Now they have abandoned this suggestion, and as they seem totally incapable of abolishing war, the next war is to open like the last one, which means that soldiers being denied modern weapons will for months on end be slaughtered on wholesale lines so that the civilians who made the war can sleep peacefully in their beds.

The argument is, however, not so simple as this, for the true argument is, Can military mechanization (for this is the central problem) be abolished, or even restricted, without abolishing the mechanical sciences and industries themselves?

The U.S.A. favours abolition, so does Germany, Italy, we ourselves, and most of the lesser nations. Why? Is it because this abolition will abolish war? Obviously it will not, for it will only place it on an out-of-date footing. Is it not that they either fear or do not fear these newer arms? Germany obviously does not like them because she is not allowed them, and the lesser nations do not want them because they cannot afford them. Italy lacks oil and coal and so does not wish to see rapid mechanization. We and the U.S.A., possessing no land frontiers worth talking about, and immense industries, can well

afford to scrap tanks, etc., during peace time because in war time we can produce them in bulk, and so can Germany in the future. France sees otherwise; she sees growing populations around her and a static population at home; mechanization to her is not a casual, but a vital problem.

The question, however, still remains: Why cannot military mechanization be abolished even if all the above countries agree to abolish it? The answer is, that military weapons are originated by and draw their strength from civil inventions. The tank, bombing machine and lethal gas are but special forms of the tractor, civil aeroplane and chemical industry, just as the hedger's bill was father of a formidable mediæval weapon which could sever a horse's head, the hunting bow of the long bow, and the sporting rifle of the military rifle. Abolish these sons and the fathers will remain, and unless they are also abolished we have not stopped the war clock, but simply put it back.

For example, tanks are not used in civil life, but so peaceful a machine as a Fordson tractor can be converted into, what I will call, a tank of the second degree, in a few hours. Though a wheeled machine, the special equipment, invented by Roadless, Ltd., will at once turn it into a tracked machine, and a few bullet-proof shields into a tank. It is true that such a machine will not be as "aggressive" as a Vickers tank, that is to say, if it is called upon to fight one, but abolish the Vickers tank and similar machines, and it will become as aggressive when compared to infantry as a tramp steamer mounting a 6-in. gun would have been to Nelson's three-deckers at Trafalgar.

No, tanks, bombing machines and lethal gas cannot be abolished, because in wars of the second degree their civil forbears are as aggressive (that is, offensively powerful) as they themselves are in wars of the first. A nation such as Russia, which is in the process of mechanizing its agricultural equipment, has in reserve thousands of potential tanks of the second degree which

will sweep all before them unless met by similar machines in equal numbers or tanks of the first degree. In fact, by attempting to abolish the knockout blow we may actually be facilitating its delivery.

Yet there is another point which must not be overlooked. There is a growing opinion that if weapons of the first degree are abolished, then can frontiers be so strongly fortified that armies equipped with weapons of the second degree will be unable to cross them. In special cases this may be true up to a point. For instance, it is possible definitely to block the Franco-German frontier, or the passes leading into Italy, but this school of thought, which is largely obsessed by warfare in Western Europe, overlooks the fact that most frontiers are so extensive as to render close defence, on the Great Wall of China pattern, too costly to be thought of. For example, it is not practical to suggest the close defence of the German-Polish or Polish-Russian frontiers; further, that on these open frontiers, in the near future anyhow, the most aggressive weapon will not be the tank, nor the gas shell, nor heavy artillery, nor the aeroplane, but the everyday motor-car, not armoured, but manned by four men equipped with a machine-gun. The possibilities of motorized warfare, in contradistinction to mechanized, are so immense as to render any return to nineteenth-century warfare impracticable.

No one wishes to belittle what is being attempted to restrict war, but this does not invalidate what I believe to be honest criticism. To me it seems that the wrong end of the problem has been grasped, and I do not intend to examine what I believe to be the right end, for I have already done this at some length in my recent book, "The Dragon's Teeth." But what I feel is this: A time may come when there is another war, and nothing will be more pitiful to us generals than to see thousands of our men slaughtered in cold blood, because the very means which would mitigate this slaughter have been denied to us in the name of peace and humanity.

Story in Spite of Romance

Edited by Stella Benson

[*With this instalment the autobiography of Count Nicolas de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine is concluded. Previous extracts from the autobiography were published in the February, March and April issues of* THE ENGLISH REVIEW.]

IV.—ASSORTED ADVENTURES IN LOVE AND HIGH SOCIETY.

THE last adventure of Count Nicolas de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine that I edited left that intrepid man in danger of being married by several beautiful but rather forward millionaires' daughters in the United States. He escaped this danger—the world for him was really nothing but a series of frying-pans and fires, and his whole career a mere leaping from one into the other. Fleeing from love, he turned to war, and fought as an American volunteer in the Spanish-American War. He was wounded, and, while convalescing, paid a visit to France, where he met " the yang and beautifull Monmouth V—— " and " fell crasy of love to her."

> " We was married at the registrat office of the Strand district, W.C. London, and at the Catholic church of Lester Square, Lester Place. Mariage who was assisted by many of my English friends, and on wich I had the honor to have as guest H.R.H. the prince of Walsh, later King Eduard VII, and the duchesse of Edinburg, ex-grande-duchesse of Russia—sister of Alexander III, friend of my from childness. Prince and Princesse who make us the honor to my wife and to me to dinner with us at the Cecil hotel after the performance of the nuptial ceremony. I was very kindly recive by the charming prince of Walsh as by his wife princesse Alexandra (sister of our Empress) at their residence the Marlborow haus as at Balmoral, their

beautifull Scoch summer palais. Prince of Walsh introduce me to his London clubs, the Marlborow and St. James; there I enjoy the London hyg life. Prince of Walsh give to my wife as mariage present a beautifull braslet with diamonds and rubis, and to me, a golden watch with the coat of arms of great Britain from Dent—watch that was stolen from me at Wladivostoc in 1922 that make to me great harm, to loose this royal gift of The Charming Prince (as he was cold in France)—the first gentlemen of the most gentl contry on Erth.

> "Oh Britain, Great Britain, of wich you are!
> Nation of Shakespeare, Lord Byron, Darwin, Mils,
> Spencer, Pitt, Gladstone, who carried the British 'car'
> Of National power, Spirit and National Wills,
> Giving to the world of civilisation the way;
> This is the deel of Britain—before and to-day. . . .
> Brothers and sisters in Christ of all Erth
> To whom I adress with my loving heart;
> Look and see—take my advice—
> Take the same way, if you are wise,
> Keep Shanghai, China, India, in British hands and power,
> As they will protect us—our wives, children, and mothers.
> The Bolshevic propaganda—the Bolshevic pleague must be stoped
> With arms, with bullets and with rope."

Everybody in the Count de Savine's world is either very black or very white. It is therefore scarcely necessary to add that Monmouth, his oddly-named bride, was specklessly perfect and peerlessly beautiful—in complete contrast to her mother by adoption, for whose unlovableness the Count has no words strong enough. (A great many of his words, however, are a good deal too strong to be quoted here about an old lady who, no doubt, can hardly be fairly seen through the eyes of her impulsive son-in-law.) Monmouth was an American-born girl, but had been adopted by her aunt, a Frenchwoman. "Bad tungs" dealt hardly with this old lady, and the Count himself, after the ominous introduction, "it is no smok

without fier," deals more hardly still. One thing, at any rate, emerges plainly—that mother-in-law and son-in-law detested and distrusted each other. The core of the quarrel was the *dot*, since Madame was very rich and her new son-in-law very poor. French law, it seems, is hard on the lover " so fool with love " that he forgets to arrange the contract for the *dot* before marriage. Such a contract can only be made legal between fiancé and fiancée—not between bride and groom, as the Count found to his cost.

> " ' How, dear colegue,' told me one of the eminent lowyers of the barr of Paris, ' have you contracted your mariage with the daugther of the *good-known* Madame —— without have consulting the French code civil? Great mistake dun by you.'
>
> " ' Very esy to understand, dear colegue,' was my answer. ' I was anormal at the time, by my love to my bride. The love have fool me, and I fergot to consult the Law—the famos code of Napoleon—and this mistake of my cost me two million francs, who was promiss to me as *dot* by Madame —— before my mariage to her adopted dogther—but never was given, on ground that no contract of mariage was made and sign by us. My love to my charming bride blind me—and exept it (besides) could I think and supose that a french lady was a cruc? ' "

Crook or no crook, the old lady remained implacably unsympathetic; she even tried to bribe him to keep away from his wife—her adopted daughter.

> " I decide to return to America without delay and make there my life again, as I make it before, prefering the American strugle of life to the imorale atmosphere of Paris. But my mother-in-law propose me to left my wife in France by her and go to America alone; on this condition she was willing

to pay me a yahrly alowance of six thousand francs, and give so much to my wife who will stay with her in Paris as before, as her daugther. To that I dont agree. This make me taken my way bec home to United States for beguin a new strugle for life. At the end of December we landet at Philadelphia comming from Liverpool. There was born my only one child, my dear daugther Liane-Claire a American born girl. Born in Chicago, October 4th 1900 from me—a naturalisited citizen of the United States, and from my wife, a American born lady at Detroy Michigan. With my arrival bec, beguin again the running after the dollar as the 9/10 of the Americans doo. Rich as poor, every one runs after the dollars. Rich as poor work on those lines of bisness. And ladys and yang gerls works as mens to, reciving the same pay. The egality of mens and womens is in pur force at the great contry of human freedom; there the womens are hyg respected and hyg protected by the law. On this ground, the matrimonial behavers are quait different as our. The Matrimony is contracted between mens and womens mostly without calcul and money influence—on ground of mutuel sympaty and fielings. The husband must suport his wife and famely, as the wive's personal fortune stay personal to her—fortune that she dispose how she like for personal use, caprices, traveling, sport and others. This is perfectly just, as the women give to the men, by her mariage to him, without her money, so much—her love—her beauty —her yang yahrs—her suffering with the maternity who take from her her helth, destroyed her body and beauty. Dear, dear womens—our hapiness—our tresor—that only the men of the free United States have recognise and apreciated . . . those smarth and resonable and juste Yankes. Womens freedom, to, have give and work out a beautiful

speciment of ladys—free, smarth and independent americans, so admired by their comming to the old contrys—like the rose beautys who grow only on american sol. Exept this great question of womens rigths—there are many thinks who are more advanced in America on the way of cultur, comparatively to the old contrys. Take the millitairy problem. American peopel is free of conscription; the army is a volontairy one; that give to United States the best soldiers. That was good illustrated by the triump of the American volontairy army in the Spanish war (who I made on Cuban front). Yanke soldiers—brave yang mens, figth sertenly better as the spanish soldiers, taken from the paysan class—dark and ignorant mens. Yankes figth for their beloved contry, at the time that the Spanish troops figth for their king, on their king's order and profit. That brogth to the great triump of the American peopels—few wiks war and royal Spain was bitten on both fronts—Cuba and Manila—by republican Yankes, figthing beautifully; that I can confirm as old officer of russian army—veteran of russian-turquish war—study millitairy men.

"In January 1901, my wife took my dear daugther Liane to France, expecting to arenge our fortune affaires with her ant and adopted mother. But in place of it, die in Paris, left our baby child by Madame ——, my mother-in-law.

"Reciving this terrible news I left without delay United States for France—cabled to my so-coled mother-in-law of my comming. That was a great mistake of my, as Madame —— dont want to give me my child—disapear from Paris—taken my beby with her. Where she was going nobody knows. At her two castles—in Normandie and Touraine—I dont find her. In the last one she was recently, with the beby and her nurse, but

left the property—taken the express train for the South—to what destination nobody could tell to me. . . . But by carefuly recherches, I find out that she was presumed to be going to Lisbon, Portugal, where she had a lady friend of her. That make me take my way to the Portugaise capitale. There I don't find the fugitive Madame —— with my child—but I find the loose of my freedom! Was arested by the claim of the Tsar, tru his minister at Portugal.

"This arest of my, at Lisbon, at my hotel, make great sansations, not only in Portugal, but also in France, England and United States. All newspapers was full, concern this arest of my—an American citizen—. All the liberal press of Portugal and France protest against it; that no brogth to success and I was taken to Russia after my unlawfully keeping at the political jail of Lisbon—Castelo del Mors—(Castel of Deads)—*me*—an American citizen! I was put perforce, and against the international rigth and Law, on bord of a german vessel, Bahia, who seiled to Hamburg. Against this unlawfully deel of portugaise officials had been no protest put by United States officials at home and at Portugal. President Roosevelt—Secretary of State Taft—the minister of the U.S. at Portugal, Page Brian—*have nothing dun for my release and stoping of my taken to Russia.* Brogth to Hamburg I renoval my protests—wroth to Washington — wroth to my American influent friends, William Bryen, Richard Croker of Tamany Hall, Senator Masson of Illinois with hoom I work as lawyer many yahrs—wroth to President T. Roosevelt who know me from the time of American Spanish war—wroth to Leonard Wood who was governor of Havana at the time of the mentioned war—I claim my rigths to the lawfuly protection—sending my protests tru the American consul-

general at Lisbon. That no brogth to my succieds. I was carry by force to Russia, where I was kept more as two yahrs at the terrible state jail of Russian despotic empire—and after it sendet bec to Siberian exil—me an American citizen—husband and father of American-born ladys—veteran of American-spanish war for which I loose my blood volontairy. And this was dun in the XXth century!"

Poor Count de Savine. The rest of his career till 1917 seems to have been a long series of cat-and-mouse imprisonments and releases—of "exiles to smole Siberian towns behain the North Pole Circus," and escapes. More than once resurrections are indicated by stray paragraphs among his papers—reappearances in Russia—in hyg society—in the fecheneble drawingrooms of new sweathearts. He translates a quotation from a Moscow newspaper in 1913.

"The World-known Count de Savine was in Moscow few days and was seen by his many friends in the theatres, music hals and fecheneble restorants—make him remark by his hyg stature and elegant look. He came to Moscow as a new born men, full of hopes, lively, jovial, amusing, expecting to renovel his life, bring it to a brilliant futur. His plans was grandios—the edition of his literairy works and memoires—public lectures—producing of films for the kino—and for it, came to Kieff, the old antic capital of Russia, where he took quarters in the most elegant hotel of the town. Certenly the arival of the World-celebre Count brogth to him all the reporters of the town; his room is besieged by them. With great curtoisy he recive them, count storys of his adventurus life . . . pose before the kodacs. . . . But quait unexpected, came a tragic end to such a brilliant arival of the World-known Count. . . . In the evening of this bisy day,

quait unexpected, nok to his hotel door some police and gendarmerie officers with a warant delivered by the local judge. . . ."

What a familiar note that nok must have had to his ears.

We next hear of him—(through another translated newspaper clipping)—engaged in a tantalizing romance that seems to have an exiguous beginning and no ending at all, as far as we are concerned.

"'Now I am *on ancre*—that you can mention in your newspapers—that the sub-lieutenant Count de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine have decid to stop *on ancre.*'

"'What does it mean, Count?' ask I.

"'It mean that I go mary!'

"At this moment, enter in the room a beautifull tall yang lady, quait elegant dressed, and the Count told to me, 'Permit me to introduce to you my bride, Miss Valentine P—— — *my anker.*'

"This romance of the Count came so: At the time of the staying of the Count at an arest haus in Kieff, came to the office of the police arest haus a nice looking, elegant yang lady with intention to visiting him and mek the acquentance of hero of XXth century.

"'Who is the lady?' ask the Count by the police officer who came to his sell for call him to the office.

"'I dont know her, but I expect that you will be please, Count, of her acquentance as she is very nice-looking yang lady. . . .'

"'And now she is here at Moscow with me—my dear Valia, who I love and who love me. Expecting that our love is for ever.'

"And it look to us that this loving romance of the Don Jouan of the present times—this great apreciater of womens and fidel lover, Count de

Toulouse, has realy come to his life harbor—trod anker—will stop his world tramping. . . ."

Alas, however romantic the look of things may have seemed to this sentimental reporter, it was a deceptive look. How the romance ended we are not told, but my guess is, another " nok to the door " by a police knuckle.

We see, of course, the Count's life from one aspect only—from the point of view of the victim. He tells us nothing of his political activities during all these years; certainly his name must have recurred frequently in police records, otherwise authority would not have remembered him so pertinaciously over a period of forty years. Yet, making allowances for the fact that he must have seemed to his official compatriots a chronic public nuisance, it is still difficult for us to imagine how it could have been worth any community's while to hound so naïf a creature so tirelessly. The Count's citizenship of the United States seems to have made no difference; the rulers of his adopted country seem to have looked on the spectacle of his harassing experiences with equanimity. Though the postbags of various Presidents —from 1901 to 1917—must have been full of lively-written protests from the agitated Count, not one President, it appears, felt called on to interfere. There must have been a reason for this—some practical reason that looked all right on paper—but it is very difficult to make such a life look right *in flesh and blood*, I think. The Count's literary style, though so vivid when employed on the description of his adventures—is not calculated to wring from us serious sympathy. His words dance fantastically about the rather sombre dramatic scene of his intention. But when one realizes—suddenly—that there is a *me* behind all these puffed-up words—that there is a heart beating in the breast of this ghost—the personal horror of the tireless persecution that he suffered strikes one like a blow. It is as though our ears had caught an authentic note of agony in the cries of a pantomime clown. When we slip ourselves into his skin—

imagine ourselves tramping in chains across the stark dusty-winded miles of Siberia—ourselves locked in filthy prison-cells—ourselves given a mockery of freedom in a hideous wilderness whose very immensity is more hampering than iron bars—then, the charming oddity achieved by the Count's English has an almost grisly effect—like the queer cries made by a gagged victim.

It seems to me that he need never have been really dangerous to any one. He could never have been impersonal enough to be essentially dangerous. *Impersonal* wrath is intensely dangerous; it is almost impossible to appease by ordinary human tact; being unsoftened by vanity it carries within it the germ of an immortality of hatred. A public protest, made from a public spirit, can only be silenced by public reform. But public spirit in its pure form is one of the rarest of qualities. Public protest, therefore, more often than most rebels would admit, is made on private grounds. Every one has a right to elbow-room for his essential vanity (more prettily called self-respect)—and the Count's never was allowed an inch of rope. I believe if he had been an Englishman, he would have joined the Fabian Society in youth, would have admired John Stuart Mill, Bernard Shaw, Lloyd George, Lord Beaverbrook, in turn, would have addressed innumerable meetings, sent innumerable letters to the Press, joined innumerable societies, leagues, and brotherhoods, and by now would have been a very ebullient J.P.—a thorn in the side of some rural district council—a centre of energy in a half-shocked, half-admiring provincial community—and, on the whole, a useful and tireless public servant of the *noblesse oblige* type. For he is emphatically *not* a rebel against the existing state of things. He is a supporter of the capitalist system; social inequality does not offend him; he considers the United States Government the ideal government. He says, also, that he inherited a fidelity to the throne of France that persisted till the death of the last legal claimant thereto. He is anything but a Communist. He hates the

Bolsheviks for all sorts of reasons, but chiefly, I think, because they—

> " robed from me all my fortune—eigth thousand acres of land of the value of more as a million rubels, that left me now, an old 75 yahrs men, loose all my fortune—*me*—a citizen of the United States—a veteran of Spanish-American war—husband and father of american-born ladys ! "

Yet the Bolsheviks do not seem to find him dangerous. Nobody now demands his extradition from anywhere to anywhere. Since 1917 he has moved about the world, making " a grand sansation " everywhere, yet everywhere unarrested. No more offended officials " nok to his door." His protests effervesce airily in the form of words. The Count knows where everybody is wrong; he knows where the Bolsheviks are wrong just as clearly as he saw the faults of the Falsh Romanoffs. But the Bolsheviks are more accustomed than were the Tsars to being told where they are wrong. The Count knows where Kerensky was wrong—where Lenin was wrong—where Trotsky was wrong. He even knows where Tolstoi and Karl Marx were wrong. Reams of paper have been devoted by him to expositions of the errors of these men. Tolstoi was his godfather—Kerensky and Trotsky were his friends, yet, asked by me—his bewildered editor—to describe his personal recollections of these great men, he only becomes eloquent on the subject of their public errors. Of Kerensky he says :—

> " Alexander Fedorowich Kerensky is a hyg educated man, a very talentfull lowyer, fine speker, cleaver men, but . . . a men who was to mild, who had not enoth energie to hang Wladimir Lenin when he was sendet by the Kaiser in a blindet reilroad carr from Berlin to Petrograd, and beguin his spiches in the beguinning of the revolution of March 1917. Kerensky was tru and honest, but fall on ground of his mild conduct concern the

cowar Lenin and his stupid, blind suporters, the Bolshevics — working peopel — mob — who understood in State bisness, in hyg politic, as pigs—hogs in oranges! Kerensky, taken the power, make a great mistake to change his job as minister of justice to minister of war. Good spiker in justice courts, he was no good by his spiking to the soldiers —to whom was necessairy to *order* and not to try and convince. Civil men, he dont know the pcichologie of soldiers. What he told was rigth— Suport the War—Suport our Allies—Bring the Great European War to a Triumpal End. But the soldiers—loo class mens—dont understood him. And at the same time, was tierd of the bloody three-long-yahrs war. And the words of the crasy trater Lenin was better herd and understood by them as the honest words of Kerensky. The crasy Lenin reussite, and the honest Kerensky fall. Without any doubt, Kerensky have dun a great mistake, not have taken my advice to hang Lenin and Trotsky to. That I advice him to doo—have telegraphed to him from Amur province. Have telegraphed 'Doo with Lenin as have dun Napoleon Bonaparte with the duc of Angain.' If Kerensky had taken my advice he be staying on his place, and russian peopel had not suffer as he suffer 13 long yahrs to these days. Kerensky is an honest men—from pur russian decend and blood. Russian Wite bandids late ran all kind of lees concern Kerensky, telling that he is a jew. *This is a lee.* If he was not a fervent christian, he was as the most hyg educated russians are. A very honest men who left Russia penyless and live now with his work in his newspaper at Prague. His great human caracter dont permit him to hung Lenin and Trotsky, what I telegraph him in July 1917. This is his unpardonable mistake and fault.

" What concern the Camarade Leo Trotsky; I

know him long yahrs—make his acquentances in New York at the end of the last XIX century. He live at those days very modestly in a furnished room at Broklyn, where I visit him often. As a very cleaver men I had pleasure of his company, but in the russian affaires and project, we differe. He was a Bolshevic and I a Social Revolutionnair; his party figth against the capital and my party suport the capital. My party had as sempel, the great and cleaver republic of America. What concern Trotsky, a jew by blood but not of caracter, he was brave and look very little concern money; living in New York many yahrs, he associeted him self very little with his contrys peopel—the russians and american jews. His education was not very great—only from midle school—but he have large education by self-lerning, and he was very interested in all that concern millitairy sciences, that permit him, when he came to power, on October 1917, to organise so beautifull the Red Army. His real name is Bronstein, but he took the famely name Trotsky as born in a smole town of Vilna province *Troky*—Trotsky in russian language mean *from Troky*. After my mind if Trotsky was stay on power at Moscow, the Bolshevic rule be soon reforme to a better one by him. But his jewish blood and jew name put against him many crimminel jew-heaters, as the present 'boss' of Russia—Joseph Stalin—. My mind is that Leo Trotsky is the best and most cleaver of the Bolshevic band."

This is the nearest approach to personal gossip about his celebrated friends that I can wring from the Count's aspiring and rhetorical pen. A request for his personal memories of Tolstoi brought twenty-nine close-scrawled pages of transcription from Tolstoi's writings, bewildering interpretations of the master's pcichologie and hyg literairy work, and long passages remembered from

existing accounts of the events of Tolstoi's life. As an afterthought, the Count adds :—

" With Count Leo Tolstoi we was relatives tru the famely of the princes Volkonsky, from wich famely was the mother of Count Leo Tolstoi. On ground of it, my mother call the Count Leo Tolstoi and his wife Countess Sophie Tolstoi—(a hyg natural women who instigueted the creative genius of Tolstoi and brogth to him in sacrifice all the richnesses of her women sool)—' mon cousin ' and ' ma cousine.' Tolstoi cuple came often to visit us in our Moscow haus, and we childrens give him the name of Unkel Mujik, on ground of his paysand-like face and paysand costume. I was, at the time, smole boy. He was shortly return from the Caucasian front where he was as artillerie officer in the Crimee War, where Russia was bitten by the Allies, England, France and Turquis. I see him again only at 1878, by my return from Russian-Turquish war, comming to Toula as evacuated woonded officer. I bogth an estate in Toula district not far from Yasnaya Poliana, Count Leo Tolstoi's estate. There I came live, brogth my ress horses and my wolf-hunds. That permit me to visit the eminent Russian writer. At the time I beguin to write myself—beguin it with a memoire book where I describe my first love and my war experiances—my love with the beautifull balet dancer Marie Petifas. I wish to mary her—mariage who stop my father—old gentlemen with prejudice. I could not have a better literairy adviser as Count Tolstoi, who was very kindly to me, encouraging me in my work, but in the same time blame me for my tutching to politic, who could bring me to great trubles. When, in 1885, I send to him from London some of my manuscripts, he honour me with a kindly letter in wich he wroth, ' Continue to write, dear friend, you have great talent, bless you God.

But my advise to you, dont tuch and mixt, to your literairy work, politic—that will brac and finish your literairy carrier, as had brok the carrier and life of the hyg talentfull Tchernichevsky and of many many others of our countrymens. Know and remember that until our unfortunate contry wil stay under the reign of Satan, and our peopel in the claws of Satanic impostors, we have nothing to do as to suffer and suport our misery, as we Christians cannot figth—that is wrong to us, on ground of Jesus' words.'

"Tolstoi, as romance writer, is without any doubts one of the greatest mens not only of Russia but also of the world—but as philosoph or finker—a child or a very old men who loose his mind. By his love of the loo peopels, is very near to the Bolshevics—could esy join them. Stay Tolstoi in life to these days, without any doubt he would be with the Bolshevics at Moscow, and, by it, he could mild their exesses and their bloody crimminel deels. I am very sorry that the dead took him before these days, wen he could play such a humanitory role in this paysand Russia—who was all his life his dream."

English translations of the Count de Savine's love-stories, which Tolstoi preferred to his stories "tutching on polotic," are in my hands. It is evident that, in the Count's reverent and fervid memory, scores of ladies occupy scores of separate niches, each illuminated brightly by the undying fire of romance. But his very ardour for Womanhood (that Perle of Creation) rather hampers him in differentiating mere women one from another. So that to us the charmers simply make an impression of one long inexhaustible seething romance. Marie Petifas, the dancer, is the true-love who recurs most often in his conversation. Mable Gray is the earliest to make an appearance in his manuscripts. Then there was, of course, the Paris sweetheart, Made-

leine B——, who followed the fugitive hero so faithfully to Brussels and suffered imprisonment there for his sake, and there was Tonzia, the Polish enchantress, who hid him in her house in Warsaw until the time came to speed him on his way to the Bulgarian throne. A long manuscript in French is devoted to Helene ——, whom the Count first fell in love with on the French Riviera, but (since he omitted to engage her faith) next found in Russia married to another—(j'appris avec douleur que j'avais rattè le coup—que la place asspirèe par moi etait prise—comme Helene etait marièe au Chevalier ——mon ancien camarade). This setback did not seriously check the romance. The superfluous Camarade was often conveniently away from home, and Helene became the mother of the Count's son, and later died. The illfated Monmouth V—— became his wife, and later, as we have seen, the unexplained Valia only just missed a similar happiness. There must have been many more ladies; luckily there is always a good supply of heroines on hand for a real hero. A rather special romance was one with a Royal Spanish Infanta, who eloped with the Count from Madrid to Paris in the 80's, but was retrieved by the Spanish ambassador on the telegraphed order of King Alfonso XII of Spain. The refusal of the Royal consent to this marriage was *not*—the Count insists—on grounds of incompatibility of rank :—

> " What concern aristocratism, my famely was no less as hers. The king of Spain, to, was my old coledge friend of Lice Louis le Grand in Paris. But I think that he and his mother (of very bad temper) had some politic views to the pretty Infanta. That brogth to a flee—to a departure secrette of the lovely princesse with me to Paris. But not one french catholic priest concent to mary us without the concent of the old Queen Isabella. Cette reine—(qui n'etait pas belle) detronèe, habitait Paris, avenue Kleber—maison que les parisiens moqueurs appelaient, ' palais d'Espagne,' et qui

> n'etait qu'une maison bourgeoise, fort modeste. . . . I made a fault not to cary my royal bride to London, where we could succied to mary."

Kings and queens—plain or beautiful—"curtios" or "wiky," were nothing to the Count de Savine; all his life he has moved in a dazzle of crowns and sceptres. Besides our own King Edward and Queen Alexandra, whose graciousness—as Prince and Princess of Wales—he has already described, he was—

> "good acquented with queen and king of Greace, Queen Olga, ex-grande-duchesse of Russia, and good acquented with the Danish royal famely, from wich was Princesse Dagmar—later Empress of Russia (Empress Marie Fedorowna—wife of the Tsar Alexander III) who was very gracios to me, one of her partners in dances at the time when she was grande-duchesse heritiere, and me a smarth horse's garde officer—good dancer—good walcer. Connu le roi des Belges, Leopold II, rencontre chez Cleo de Merode, amie de ma maitresse, Madeleine de B——. Connu l'empereur Pedro de Bresil, et Oscar, roi de Suede, de la famille Bernadotte—grand ami de ma famille—qui passait ses hivers a Pau, pays de ses ancetres et des miens aussi. Connu l'Empereur Guillaume I d'Allemagne, et son fils Frederic, et sa belle fille (fille de la reine Victoria d'Angle-terre) et son petit fils Guillaume II—jeune officier des hussards de la garde a Potsdam. . . ."

And now he lies—an ailing, penniless old man—in a hospital bed. It seems to me that we must catch a glimpse of glamour in that hospital ward, smile as we may at the odd, brave eagernesses and agitations of that ghost of yesterday who lies there. I maintain there *is* a glamour over this old man's strange life—whether it is shed by love—or by self-deception—or by suffering and exile—or by the glittering names of the *fin-de-siecle* Great—or by the unquenchable spirit that survived all

the fearful changes of the twentieth century—or by the old rebel's tireless devotion to the task of letting loose a bolt of revolution that—from his point of view—so lamentably overshot its mark. There *is* a glamour that is lacking in the average far more cynical, wise, and orderly life. We have grown callous to excitement now—we have not known peace all our lives—our feet have adapted themselves to the feeling of a world crumbling beneath them. We have grown tired of enthusiasm—tired of protesting. Protest is too complex now—it is too often a protest against a protest against a protest. The increasing complexity of the world, as compared with the much simpler, black-and-white world on which the Count first opened his eyes nearly eighty years ago—now imposes upon us a kind of colour-blindness. We forbid our hearts to leap forth on new adventures now; spiritually as well as economically, we cannot afford adventures any more. We have learned to stay at home because we know now that the world is round—that the path to adventure is endless, a treadmill path round a spinning globe; there is no destination, either of dragon or of princess, to which the path of adventure may be expected to lead. And so I submit—as a black-and-white refreshment to eyes dazzled with complex colour—these simple stories by a story-teller who never got tired of anything, least of all tired of himself . . . these adventures of an adventurer who made his own destinations in a world that was not round—and believed in those destinations even after he had walked past them . . . these memories of an old man who has not grown old enough to be ashamed of his youth—who has never been ashamed of Romance or of anything else in capital letters—of Experience—of Danger—of Hatred—of Reform—of Manhood—of Womanhood—of the Soul—of Love—of Life. . . .

Samuel Butler's Notebooks: Some New Extracts

[*Below are further (hitherto unpublished) extracts from Samuel Butler's Notebooks. The first series of these extracts appeared in the May issue of* THE ENGLISH REVIEW. *Further selections will be published in the July and August issues.*]

MARRIAGE

It is not nice to be wedded to anything—not even to a theory.

HENCEFORTH, SAID SHE, SADLY,

let us be to one another as brother and sister. "No," said I, as I thought of my own sisters, "not so bad as that."

BREAD CAST UPON THE WATERS

is not likely to be found for many days, if then, and will be good for very little when it is found.

BISHOP BUTLER

tells us he was all his life combating devilish suggestions. He was worsted in one of these combats when he published the Analogy.

EPITAPH FOR MYSELF

"Say that he hated not wisely but too well."

DR. ROBERT DARWIN ON WOMEN

He, the son of Erasmus, and father of Charles Darwin, used to say that if a woman was carrying on imprudently at 18 you should give her good advice; if at 30, you should watch her; if at 40, you should lock her up. Mrs. Salter told me this as a current Shrewsbury saying.

POETRY

I hate all poetry, but of all poetry I hate French poetry the worst.

I'M GLAD I SAID DUCK

A small boy when asked what he would have at dinner said "duck." They helped him, and they gave him seasoning, and apple sauce, and new potatoes and green peas; when all was put upon his plate he looked at it and then said, with a little sigh of content, "I'm glad I said duck."

THE BEST MEMORIAL FOR A LITERARY MAN

and the one I should most wish for myself is that money should be subscribed to make a very copious index—almost a concordance—of all his writings. No. I would much rather it was spent on a good performance of "Narcissus."

PERFECT HATE

is like perfect love—it casteth out fear.

MATTHEW ARNOLD AND THE MAJORITY

He says in his New York address (see *Times* early in November 1883) that the majority are always wrong. People are generally wrong so long as a subject is new to them; but by far the greater number of things about which we are conversant are not new, and about these the majority is much the safest guide we can follow.

VIRTUE

There should be a subdivision of this as well as of any other labour.

THE ONLY THINGS I WROTE FOR MONEY

were some articles in the "Examiner" in the spring and summer of 1879, and they are the only things I wish I had never written.

EXCELLENCE

He excels most who hits the golden mean most exactly in the middle.

SUPREME MOMENTS

Our latest moment is always our supreme moment. Five minutes delay in dinner now is more important than a great sorrow ten years gone.

A STRONG HOPE OF GETTING £20,000

in the brain of a man may effect a great redistribution of the forces of nature. It may displace a mountain. The unseen impalpable hope enters into the nasty mess inside a man's head. The nasty mess shut up in a dark warm place undergoes a change, and the Alps are pierced in consequence.

HE IS THE BEST TEACHER

who has the best digestion.

MAN IS A JELLY

which quivers so much as to run about.

LIFE AND SENSE

I believe if a waking man were absolutely precluded from the exercise of any sense, during a space of two minutes, he would drown, as it were, for want of the air of sensation and action; for I take it that there is some sensation even in sleep.

ATOMS

We shall never get people whose time is money to take much interest in atoms.

GOETHE'S WILHELM MEISTER

I do not think I ever disliked a book so much. I cannot call to mind a single character or even passage which does not disgust and depress me. I think I must have got hold of some other Wilhelm Meister by some other Goethe.

AMERICA WAS TOO BIG

to have been discovered all at one time. It would have been better for the graces if it had been discovered in pieces of about the size of France and Germany at a time.

THE LIFE WE LIVE IN OTHERS

We have a right to live in others as much as they will let us.

COTTAGES AND PALACES

are the same in general principle: as the cell is the unit of the body, or the simple shock, the unit of consciousness, so the bare room is the unit whether of cottage or palace.

KING ALFRED

must have been a kind of Prince Consort, Marcus Aurelius, character. People like Tom Hughes and Mr. Green could never be so attracted by him if he was not odious.

AS FOR MR. GREEN

when I was at Shrewsbury last week (April 4, 1884) they had Mr. Green's last book in the house, and it was so beautifully written, and the portrait was so charming, and the preface was so touching, and what a wonderful man he must have been, and all the rest of it. I thought the portrait suggested just the kind of man I should have hated, and when I read the preface I did hate him, and when I read the book I hated him worse. "He died learning," indeed? Why, who does not die learning who has any claim upon our consideration? If he had died learning how to form a less exalted opinion about the importance of his own work he would have died learning something better worth knowing than a great deal which he did know.

DRAWING LINES

The whole art of life consists in knowing how to draw lines, and no one knows how to draw them in respect of more than one or two things.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK

He is trying about this time (May 1884) to teach dogs to converse. If I was his dog and he taught me, the

first thing I should tell him would be that he is a d—— fool.

WHEN A VIRTUOUS MAN

turneth away from the virtue which he hath committed, and doeth that which is unlawful and nice, it shall sometimes be a good deal better both for him and every one else.

WORDSWORTH

If a thing made such a noise (like a skylark, for example) that one could attend to nothing else, Wordsworth could hear it, and immediately thought he was the only person in the world who could.

DEATH

is only a larger kind of going abroad.

ADOPTION OF A SON

It takes more trouble and as much risk to adopt a son as to get one in the ordinary way.

BUSINESS

should be like religion and science; it should know neither love nor hate.

MEDIO TUTISSIMUS IBIS

A boy in examination translated it thus: "In the middle of them all stalks the Ibis—most cautious of birds," and he put a note as follows: "By this translation I have endeavoured to give the full value of the superlative."

DEATH

Every change is a death, and this is why it is so rude to take notice of any considerable change in any one.

THE CORPSE'S BROTHER

At a funeral the undertaker came up to a man and said to him, "if you please, sir, the corpse's brother would be happy to take a glass of sherry with you."

THOUGHT

There is nothing so unthinkable as thought, unless it be the entire absence of thought.

ENTERTAINING ANGELS UNAWARES

It is always we who are to entertain the angels, and never they us. I cannot, however, think that an angel would be a very entertaining person, either as guest or host.

THE STRUGGLE FOR EXISTENCE

is the struggle for the existence of our own opinions. In the end it resolves itself into an act of mere mulish obstinacy in sticking to it that we are right, and in insisting that as much of the outside world as we can manage shall see things as we see them ourselves.

"THE DREAD OF SOMETHING AFTER DEATH"

This is not true to nature; it is death and not what comes after death that men are generally afraid of.

JOHN MORLEY

I have met him several times. When I wrote "Erewhon" we were to meet, and I was put to sit next him at dinner, but it was a failure. Since then I have met him once or twice. I have always thought him a jawing ass. He thought me one of the most disappointing men he had ever met. I am glad he, too, is a radical. We do not nod when we meet.

THE SINEWS OF ART AND LITERATURE

like those of war—are money.

THE POWER OF MAKING WAR

and controlling the most vital interests of a nation should be in the hands of those who are either above money or below it, and who will not therefore let their instinct be corrupted through fear of personal money inconvenience.

THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR

is indiscretion.

RIGHT OR WRONG

I do not greatly care whether I have been right or wrong on any point, but I care a good deal about knowing which of the two I have been.

THE LATE PROFESSOR CLIFFORD

I only met him once, that was at the Savile Club, somewhere about the end of 1873. He was white and wily. I disliked him very much, but not as much as I should have doubtless come to do if I had seen more of him. It would be hard to find one who has been more systematically puffed of late years. I suppose it is in order to get some money for Mrs. Clifford.

SIR CUSSHA SWEESONG TWAR

Jones went to an evening party and said there was a lady there who sang a song (as he at first thought) about an Indian potentate named Sir Cussha Sweesong Twar, but he discovered presently that the song was French. (*Ce que je suis sans toi.*)

A DIRECTION

We asked a man to show us the way on one of our Sunday walks and he said: "You oughted to have went down the path, straight up through."

LISZT AND ROSSINI

It is said, with what truth I know not, that Liszt got Verdi to give him a letter of introduction to Rossini and went to call on him. Rossini was exceedingly polite, asked him to play, and when he had done enquired what the piece was. Liszt said, "It is a march I have written on the death of Meyerbeer; how do you like it, maestro?" Rossini said he liked it very much, but presently added, "do you not think it would have been

better if it had been you had died, and Meyerbeer who had written the music?"

ART NOTE

It is not so much that you must put down what you see, as that you must put down what will convey what you have seen, and thus remind people of what they have seen themselves.

UNMARRIED MEN

very rarely speak the truth about the things that most nearly concern them—married men, never.

GILBERT AND RUDDIGORE

One of the R.A.'s wrote complaining of Ruddigore as such a disgusting title. Gilbert said he did not see what there was to complain of. "Bloodigore would," he said, "have been offensive, but there can be no offence about 'Ruddigore,' 'ruddi' is perfectly harmless—if I, for example, were to talk of your ruddy cheek, you could not be angry with me, but if I were to speak, as I well might about your —— well——. Believe me, Yours truly, W. S. GILBERT."

THE MAN WHO HAS EDUCATED

one child, and done him fairly well from first to last, has done a harder thing than writing all my books put together.

THE POOR

are compelled to work and use their muscles, and when there are no more poor there will ere long be no more muscles. The poor are a mode whereby the physical energy of the race is conserved.

WE WANT A SOCIETY

for the extension of non-university teaching among university men, or, say, within the universities.

HENS HAVING NO OCCASION TO LAY

A rich lady whose husband had made his money in trade was asked whether her hens were laying, she said, "Oh, dear no, with our position, you know, they have no occasion to lay."

UNIMPORTANCE

The importance or unimportance of a thing turns mainly on the length of time during which it has played an important part in the history of the race. Thus the heart is more important than the power of speech.

WARBURG'S OLD FRIEND

He said one day to Warburg, talking about his wife, who was ill, "If God were to take one or other of us, I should go and live in Paris."

ART NOTE

The capital sin in art is the insisting on the less important at the expense of that which is more so. This should be borne in mind, and things should be told as far as may be in the order of their importance, for then one can stop at any moment.

ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN

I suppose this was all right, but there can be no doubt about being all things to all women.

GENIUS

I should say it was best defined as hereditary aptitude —the inheritance without conscious trouble of a faculty acquired by an ancestor; it is instinctive, and, like other instincts, is hard to repress.

LIFE

is a matter about which we are lost if we reason either too much or too little.

(*To be continued.*)

"Recovery" According to Salter

By Sir Ernest Benn

PUBLISHERS' "blurbs" have acquired a reputation for conveying a suggestion of value or interest which is not always justified by closer examination of the volume upon which the blurb appears. No such criticism can, however, be made in respect of the statements on the dust cover of Sir Arthur Salter's most important contribution to the political and economic discussion of the moment.

"There never was a time," say Messrs. Bell & Sons, "when so many people wished to understand the situation and to understand it as a whole." "This book is an attempt to picture for the general reader the present situation in world affairs, and to suggest some main roads to that recovery for which all the world is waiting." The publishers might well have put their case higher and claimed for this book three distinct and valuable qualities. First, as a record of world events since the war it is as complete, authoritative and illuminating as one would expect from the position and qualifications of its author. Second, as an accurate and knowledgeable forecast of all the similar things that are likely to happen in the near future, its value to the student of what are now called "practical" affairs is beyond question. Thirdly, it possesses a quality and interest to which the publishers do not refer, in that it forms the most informative guide to the modern bureaucratic mind yet committed to paper.

But its title is perhaps best described as a justifiable usurpation of a term which the author, from the limitations which his distinguished career has necessarily placed upon him, is incapable of understanding. Sir Arthur would have been better advised to stick to the blessed word Progress, used in its political sense, and meaning the erection of ever more barriers to comfort, well-being and Recovery.

In recent political literature one book remains upper-

most in my mind, and now Sir Arthur Salter's "Recovery" must take a place beside it, and both outstand for the same reason. "Humanity Uprooted" is, I imagine, the best description we have of revolutionary life in Russia. I know Bolsheviks who have read it with delight and approval as keen and sincere as my own. The author has achieved an altogether exceptional triumph in that his book can be used with equal effect as the textbook of the case for Communism or the case against it. So I suspect it will be with Salter's "Recovery." The politically minded who attaches more importance to the organization of a job, even if it makes the job impossible, than to the doing of it, will find in this book not only the full story of all the post-war political activity, but a wonderful forecast of the further instalments of it now due. The reader, on the other hand, who has no higher aspiration than to see the trade of the world develop, the comforts of mankind increase and the right to work and serve his fellows left to man, will find here nothing but disappointment and irritation.

There are two main divisions of mankind. Those who want to work, work meaning the provision of some article or service which somebody else requires or desires; and those who get themselves in between the man and his job, or the supplier and the customer, and organize, govern, control, restrict, restrain and tax the one or the other. This latter class is the fashionable class, its parent is the politician and Sir Arthur Salter one of its most distinguished representatives. What, therefore, could be more delightful, illuminating or indeed important at this juncture than a book which discloses, with directness which almost compels agreement and with a style and charm which might well disarm criticism, the full content of the super-bureaucratic mind at its very best.

Sir Arthur's whole working life has, I gather, been spent in the service of the State, and thus his mind works on paper. It is always difficult, notwithstanding the best will in the world, for the man who frames the passport

regulations, or the taxing rules, to comprehend the views of those who have to adjust their actions to words and forms that spell inaction. The one is concerned with theory, the other with practice and the two things have very little in common. Nevertheless, such is the quality of British business and bureaucracy, or rather the quality of the individuals concerned with both, that we do manage, rather better than any other people, to get along with the work of life, and actually keep in existence both a building trade and a housing department of the Ministry of Health. The actual personal contact of the inspector with the inspected, both being the decent creatures that they are, evolves a way, generally by means of a technical evasion of technical regulations, of maintaining a minimum of activity. But Sir Arthur Salter has long passed beyond that stage. Early in the history of Geneva he established himself as one of the pillars of the League of Nations, and for years past has been denied the advantage of that actual contact with the governed which makes the British Civil Servant a tolerant and tolerable creature. He is the greatest of the experts in the control of governments and has long ago forgotten all he knew about the unfortunate governed. To understand and appreciate "Recovery" it is vital to understand and appreciate the nature of the work which Sir Arthur has made his own, and the limitations which that work of necessity imposes upon him. The expert has been described as one who knows more and more about less and less and Sir Arthur is the first of the experts on a quite modern phenomenon, the multi-party international agreement. His mind is full of the fascinating peculiarities of this unnatural monstrosity, and he writes a whole book under its influence.

Sir Arthur is not a politican, any such suggestion would be grossly unfair to him, he would better be described as the victim or the product of the worst of the follies of modern politics. The last sentence in the book will make this clear. Having described a new world full

of councils, conferences and committees, he says, "Man can then, freed alike from enfeebling impoverishment and harassing anxieties and insecurities, use the resources he now has to give himself both a basis of secure material comfort and adequate leisure." This is the key to the whole argument. Having for a quarter of a century squandered our resources on governmental plans to remove "enfeebling impoverishment and harassing anxieties and insecurities," having discovered the mistake of the whole business, having put three million out of work and the rest on the edge of bankruptcy, Salter says, between the lines if not in these words, "Ah yes! But your vision was too limited. These things will be all that is claimed for them, if only they are done at Geneva." And he makes a first-class story out of it.

Perhaps the greatest of all the many triumphs of unreality which our author can claim is to have written a three hundred page book about world troubles without more than a casual reference to Economy. Cloistered in Geneva receiving the distinguished bureaucrats of all the nations of the world, and studying budgets, Sir Arthur recognizes better than most the imperative necessity for a nation to balance its public accounts. He reminds me of the ledger clerk whose whole ambition is centred in the red rule at the bottom of the page, and whose interest does not extend to the understanding of the difference between the receipt of cash and the writing-off of a bad debt. Both processes balance the account and that is as far as his mind travels. He takes such pride in the League of Nations' loans to Austria and Greece that he mentions them time after time, and gets his book out before the next and inevitable breakdown in both countries, when the guarantees for which British and other taxpayers are responsible will encourage further inquiry into transactions now too new for judgment.

"Recovery," notwithstanding its misleading title, will be the textbook for the student of twentieth-century governmental development, and as a record of all the

wonders of this unfortunate period is far more valuable because it comes from the pen of one who both understands and believes. It is easy enough for laymen to rail at Conferences; here we get the expert telling us all about them and overstating his case with such diplomatic enthusiasm as will disprove it utterly and completely to the next and wiser generation.

Sir Arthur makes the best use of current political opinion, or should it be called current political ignorance? For instance, he knows that there is to-day a public for all the interesting fallacies of an international monetary system. Every railway carriage and public-house bar in Europe is full of talk of currency reform, and in a world which is safe for democracy that constitutes a force of which the advocates of a Bank of International Settlements are entitled to take cognizance. Students who possess rather better qualifications for the discussion of the technicalities of finance will be more cautious in their enthusiasms. They will remember that this new-fangled bank was invented to deal with the unnatural difficulties of Reparations and inter-Governmental Debts. They will proceed to notice that both of those abuses have been relegated to the limbo of moratoria, a circumstance which either makes the international bank a superfluity or imposes upon it the necessity of inventing other functions for itself. Such considerations will lead them to be more than usually critical of schemes by means of which "different national currencies, pounds, dollars, francs" shall "always be convertible into each other at about the same rates."

Remembering that the legislative fixing of a price has always proved a folly when attempted by a national government, strong arguments will be needed to persuade us that a League of Nations Bank can override the old law of supply and demand. The best of us are but the victims of our environment, and Sir Arthur is no exception to the rule. A quarter of a century of international negotiation has given to him a conception of reality in

the artificial, which others not so experienced may find it more difficult to acquire.

After years, during which mankind has been brought nearer to ruin than ever before, by plans to make him prosperous, Sir Arthur gives us a whole book of new plans. He mentions some of the failures, but fails to recognize the reason for them. It is never the principle of planning, but only the detail of the particular plan which is responsible for the failure. The Balfour Note was not subjected to the delays and discussions of Geneva and is thus dismissed. It "would only have been wise as a part of a general scheme accepted by others and comprising equal contributions by them." By contrast, however, the "first-aid measures" which Sir Arthur Salter, as distinguished from Sir Arthur Balfour, recommends must be applied without delay. "Action will now be less effective and more costly than if it had been taken earlier, but it will still be more potent and less expensive than if we wait." With the same pardonable lack of logic Great Britain's guarantee of the French frontier "was played too soon," it should have been "part of a final and complete plan to which all the other countries equally concerned, etc." It is hard to find words adequately to express the admiration due to one who can still pin his faith to a "final and complete plan," or to find pity sufficient for any who imagine that life would be worth living once that final and complete plan was discovered. But to reach the supreme heights of "the complete plan" to which all the nations of the world are faithful and loyal adherents requires qualities bountifully given to Sir Arthur but rigidly denied to most of the rest of us.

It is indeed a skilful performance to write three hundred pages about economic conditions and omit all references to the only circumstance that really counts or matters. During the quarter of a century in which Sir Arthur Salter has served the State, the economic centre of gravity has shifted from the stalwart shoulders of the

individual to the dead hand of the State. When Sir Arthur first entered the Civil Service his functions and his work and his powers were limited by the fact that only five per cent. of the national income was ever brought within the purview of government authority. Since that day Socialism, mostly practised by Liberals and Conservatives, has brought nearly half our total national resources into the public purse. That is in a sentence the twentieth-century revolution. Among the many details in a very long story, Capitalism has scored the greatest triumph in its history by providing, since the war alone, twenty thousand millions in rates and taxes and loans for various public purposes of which Sir Arthur Salter knows more than most of us, for he has had a major share of the responsibility for the proper care of this vast amount of wealth. Would it, in these circumstances, be unreasonable to suggest that a book to enlighten us on the failures of all the councils, conferences and committees of the past twenty years would be more valuable and interesting than the present volume of suggestions for further multiplication of these life-destroying agencies? Such a book, indeed, could be compiled without much trouble by paraphrasing " Recovery," for it contains ample material. Rightly read, " Recovery " is a catalogue of the failure of the Salter method. From the original Peace Treaties right down to the Basle Committee of experts everything that has been done this way has proved to be either completely wrong or merely ineffective. " We have lost many of the benefits of the old economic system without securing the advantages of planned direction," says Sir Arthur, and therefore " the task is to find a new way." Certainly twenty thousand millions is a big price to pay for experiments in " planned direction " which the high priest now tells us have failed. And yet he has the faith or courage or is it merely bigotry to ask that all the nations should pool all their millions for further experiments in the hope that when the undefined " new way " is at last discovered it may prove less disappointing than all the

many new ways explored since Sir Arthur went to Geneva.

From another point of view this may be regarded as a text- or guide-book to the processes by which democracy is slowly evolving into the rule of the expert. The intelligent reader will perceive between the lines how our new masters still calling themselves servants and maintaining a lip service to the principle of democracy are imposing upon us a new and untried form of government. No blame or censure can possibly attach to Sir Arthur Salter and his class for seizing the obvious and easy opening which modern politics has provided. The people are foolish enough to believe or at least to vote as if they believed that everything ought to and can be governed, self-government is interpreted to mean interference with the liberty of others and the inevitable consequence is the creation of more and more machinery, which like all machinery, only more so, becomes in time the master of the people it was designed to serve. There are a thousand books which can tell us all that is to be found in Salter's "Recovery." Sidney Webb has written a score of them, but while most of them have had to struggle with the theory of the matter Sir Arthur has the easier task of recording the obvious and inevitable results of applying those theories. He evades the need to justify them and escapes all, or almost all, the rigmarole of misrepresentation of Capitalism with which the greater part of this type of literature is fortified. We read that "the defects of the capitalist system have been increasingly robbing it of its benefits"; of "the passing of an era"; and of "the competitive system in transition," but miss all the tub thumping and invective hitherto inseparable from socialistic discussion. And this is both the danger and the value of this book. It calmly assumes that the individual does not exist, it does not bother to deny the right of man to freedom of action, it thinks only in terms of governments and seeks to do for all governments what each has done for its own nationals. The liberty of the individual

having given place to the supremacy of the national government and its agents, Sir Arthur takes us a step further and robs the governments themselves of national liberty, bringing them all under the jurisdiction of the super government with its arch-bureaucrats at Geneva.

The really pathetic thing about Sir Arthur Salter and his book is the belief, no doubt sincerely held, that the author and the book are helping to promote the cause of the League of Nations. Nothing could in fact be farther from the truth. The League of Nations still retains in the minds of its millions of believers something of the nature of its original intentions. It is to them an instrument for the prevention of war. But "Recovery," which is all about the League of Nations, contents itself with one chapter and not a very hopeful one on disarmament. As it slowly dawns on the public intelligence that the Woodrow Wilson Ideal has been smothered by international Socialists with designs on the construction of society, the membership of the League of Nations Union will begin to decline. Sir Arthur Salter himself is above reproach in these matters, but although he fails to make it clear in his book, he must be clear in his own mind as to the nature of the forces with which his work is concerned. This book would never have been written but for Reparations and War Debts, and if the author could be lifted out of his official mesmerism he would see that he is the tool of a most dishonest attempt to use the need for doing something about these abuses as a syringe with which to inject further large doses of Socialism into the financial and economic body.

Sir Arthur knows as well as the rest of us that Peace is a state of mind and not a scrap of paper or even a whole row of volumes of protocols and pacts, but such is his absorption in the ever-growing machinery of Geneva that he almost ignores the change in public opinion which, with the post-war generations growing into responsibility, is the leading characteristic of our time. The young people of all countries are exhibiting a determination to

disown and renounce the past, which does poor justice to some of its virtues, but offers the only hope of a diminution of the war risk. Meanwhile, Geneva goes steadily on with its formulæ and forms, its conferences and its compacts and the old story is repeating itself. A new bureaucracy will have dug itself in in time to claim credit for improvements due, in reality, to quite other causes. Only once does Sir Arthur Salter give the whole case away, when in a moment of forgetful frankness he confesses that behind the whole business is the hollowness and instability of politics.

"After several years of trying to get into the minds of those who were nominally in control of commercial policies, I came to the conclusion that the secret calculation in most minds was one of the strength of political groups and political pressures on the Government. Nearly all of them were habitually thinking in terms not of the economic policy which they considered, rightly or wrongly, the best for their country, but in terms of the reactions of any given policy upon the groupings of parties and sections on which their political support depended."

And yet we are asked to believe that in spite of such limitations Geneva will be able "to improve the working of the gold standard and the world's currency system; to reform the mechanism of credit and restart foreign lending; and to reduce the impediments to normal trade adjustments which result from present commercial policy" as well as, of course, to abolish war and perform such sundry services as the provision of "mechanism for directing the savings of the private investor so as to prevent his money from being wasted."

A careful reading of the skilful chapter on French Policy and Psychology will do much to enlighten the reader as to why Sir Arthur is so hard at work forgetting the original purposes of the League of Nations and building up new and unnecessary functions for it.

Manchuria and its Prime Minister

By Sir Reginald F. Johnston, K.C.M.G.

THE prospects of the new Manchuria stabilizing itself and securing international recognition as a sovereign State may seem to many people very dismal, and doubts as to the wisdom—not to say the patriotism—of the steps taken by the leaders of the independence movement are by no means unreasonable. In one respect, however, the new State is commencing its career under very favourable auspices. The ex-emperor (or President of the Manchurian Republic, if that is to be his permanent title, which there is strong reason to doubt) has already surrounded himself with a body of advisers of whom some, at least possess energy, experience and vision. His Prime Minister, in particular, is not only gifted with administrative ability of a high order, but is a man of fine character and unimpeachable integrity.

The name of Chêng Hsiao-hsü (or Su-k'an, as he is familiarly known in literary and official circles) probably conveys nothing to the British public. Even among European residents in China there were probably not fifty (outside a very limited circle) who had ever heard of Mr. Chêng before his name appeared on the black-list of persons prominent in the Manchurian secession movement for whom the Nanking Government recently issued warrants of arrest.

Nor is it surprising that this ignorance should exist. Su-k'an is not a politician. He has taken no part in public life for the last twenty years, he speaks no European language, and he has little or nothing in common with those groups and sections of his countrymen whose influence and authority among foreigners stand highest. Although he is completely out of sympathy with that particular form of nationalism which expresses itself mainly in the denunciation of foreign " imperialism " and " capitalism," he has never made the slightest attempt

to ingratiate himself with foreigners on that account or to win their flattery.

But though foreigners may have heard little or nothing of Chêng Su-k'an, his name and reputation stand extremely high in those scholarly circles representative of the "Old China" of the classical tradition. He is undoubtedly one of the most learned and accomplished men of his generation in China, and is also perhaps the most distinguished of living Chinese poets. The classic form of his verse is sufficient to damn it in the eyes of the modern school of the so-called "literary revolution," and it must be admitted that it requires close study and attention even from those who can cope with the peculiar difficulties inherent in the traditional forms and usages of Chinese verse. Nevertheless, both in thought and technique, it reaches a very high standard of excellence and makes Su-k'an a worthy successor of the great T'ang and Sung poets who are his models. In their published form his poems appear in chronological order—the first of them is dated 1889, the last (in the latest printed edition) 1924—and they constitute a deeply-interesting and charming autobiographic record of a singularly noble and unselfish life.

Chêng Su-k'an is not only an eminent scholar and poet, but also a great calligraphist. In China, where calligraphy ranks as a fine art, this means that he is among the first of living artists. Specimens of his calligraphy are highly prized by Chinese collectors and are reproduced in facsimile to serve as models for students.

He is by no means a young man, for he has reached the early seventies, but he is full of vitality and intellectual energy and looks at least a dozen years less than his age. Under the Empire (which fell at the beginning of 1912) he received various high appointments, including the post of Chief Justice first in the province of Anhui, then in Canton. He also held military commands in South China. Subsequently he became an associate of Shêng Hsuan-huai, the well-known administrator-general

of railways. But since the Revolution he has held no public office. He has always been inflexible in his loyalty to the throne. He was opposed to the Revolution from the beginning, not only because of his devotion to the cause of the Imperial House—with men like Su-k'an loyalty is part of their religion—but also because as a Chinese patriot he sincerely believed and still believes that the Revolution was a ghastly mistake and a terrible calamity for China. A poem written by him early in 1912, after receiving the news of the emperor's abdication, contains a melancholy prophecy which events have shown to be only too true: *ta luan ts'ung t'zu shih*—"from this event will anarchy take its rise."

A fact which is specially significant in view of the declared policy of the new Manchurian Government (friendship and co-operation with the foreign Powers and respect for treaty obligations) is that although Su-k'an has not come into personal contact with foreigners to anything like the same extent as the "returned students" and the leading men in China's political world, he is far more amiably disposed to foreigners than they have shown themselves to be, and has never taken any part in, or shown any sympathy with, the anti-foreign movements of recent years. This is partly no doubt because he has remained wholly untouched and unimpressed by Communist propaganda, on the one hand, and by Kuomintang Nationalism on the other. It has long been his belief that the Kuomintang and its local organs—the *Tang Pu*—have failed and will continue to fail to create the new China of their dreams, because their methods and tactics, as well as many of their principles, have been radically wrong. He thinks that, so far from raising the prestige of China among the nations, their arrogant and defiant attitude towards the Powers against which they rightly or wrongly believe themselves to have grievances, has brought dishonour to China in the eyes of the world and has alienated a great deal of foreign sympathy. Su-k'an's associates know that for many

years past he has been a strong supporter of the view that China can become tranquil, prosperous and strong only through entering into a relationship of friendly and unsuspicious co-operation with the Powers of both East and West, and that the amendment or abrogation of the existing "unequal treaties" should be brought about not by unilateral action dictated by nationalistic hot-heads and extremists, but by soberly convincing the foreign Powers, not by words, but by deeds, that the continued existence of the remaining "inequalities" is neither necessary nor desirable either in Chinese or in foreign interests.

If Manchuria succeeds in maintaining itself in existence for a few years, and if Su-k'an is able to keep his post as helmsman of the State—strong emphasis must be laid on both "ifs"—he should have ample opportunities of putting his beliefs and theories to a practical test. The difficulties and dangers by which he will be encompassed will be very serious and might well daunt a much younger man; but his experiment—for that is what it really is—should be watched with sympathetic interest by all who are cognizant of his aims and the methods by which he hopes to achieve them.

Had he consulted his own tastes and inclinations, Su-k'an would have spent the evening of his life in tranquil retirement among his books, cultivating the arts in which he is a master. The same loyalty, however, that has prevented him from accepting office under the Republic has impelled him to devote himself to the service of his young emperor. There may be—in fact, there are—many Chinese who believe or profess to believe that he has accompanied the ex-emperor Hsuan-T'ung (or "Mr. P'u Yi," as they prefer to call him) to Manchuria in the hope of making a fortune and attaining high office. It need only be said that a man of Su-k'an's age and known character is not at all likely to be ambitious for either. In a poem addressed to his eldest son Chêng Ch'ui—a man who in character and conduct

follows closely in his father's footsteps—he warns him that " riches and honours are worth no more than a wild swan's feather " (*fu kuei chih hung mao*), and Su-k'an has shown by the facts of his own career how little he cares for the trappings or the spoils of office. Had his ambitions lain in that direction he could have realized them long ago. He has often been pressed to enter the service of the Republic, but has always refused. Tuan Ch'i-jui—the military leader who " saved the Republic " by defeating the monarchist general Chang Hsün in 1917—is one of Su-k'an's friends and admirers, and at the end of 1924, when Tuan was at the head of the Peking Government, he tried to induce Su-k'an to enter the Cabinet. On his refusal, Tuan endeavoured to force his hand by causing him to be gazetted as Minister of the Interior. This attempt on the part of Tuan to give dignity and distinction to his Cabinet by including in it one of the ablest and most highly-respected men of his time, was a failure. Rightly or wrongly (opinions may differ on that point) Su-k'an was steadfast in his refusal and the post had to go to another.

A man of Su-k'an's principles could not take office under a Government the authority of which he did not recognize. He would not serve the Republic unless he could do so single-heartedly; and he could not do that without ceasing to be the loyal and faithful servant of his emperor and without being false to his own conception of the true needs and interests of China. He could have been one of the richest men in China to-day had riches been his goal. As it is, he has preferred to live in obscurity and poverty, deriving most of his means of livelihood from the sale of specimens of his calligraphy. The only post occupied by him since the establishment of the Republic was that of Minister of the ex-emperor's household, which he held during 1923–4, when his imperial master still resided in the Forbidden City and enjoyed the privileges secured to him by the agreement between Throne and Republic at the time of the abdication.

His object in accepting that appointment was that he might help the young ex-emperor to reform the many and gross abuses of the palace system and reduce the enormous and unnecessary expenses of the Court. He began by abolishing the salary of his own post.

Towards the end of 1924 a self-appointed "Cabinet" in Peking, in league with the "Christian General," Fêng Yü-hsiang, tore up the solemn Agreement of 1912, and placed the young emperor under arrest. For some weeks he was in imminent danger of his life. His escape to the Legation Quarter was followed, early in 1925, by his removal to the Japanese Concession in Tientsin. During his residence there (from 1925 to November last year), many of his old followers and Court officials remained in attendance on him, and foremost among these was Chêng Su-k'an, who became his tutor. The post of Imperial Tutor under the Empire in China was always regarded as one of the highest in the land (at least equal in status and dignity to that of the viceroyalty of a province), but in the narrow circumstances of the shrunken and impoverished household at Tientsin the post was, of course, shorn of its former prestige, and in Su-k'an's case it carried with it no emoluments whatever. All that he got from his disinterested labours was the assurance of the friendship and gratitude of his emperor, and having that, Su-k'an wanted nothing more.

Under two other leading scholars—Ch'ên Pao-chên and Chu I-fan—the ex-emperor had already acquired a first-rate Chinese education. Since 1925, under the guidance of one of the most enlightened scholars of the day, he has become a keen student of politics and history; and if he is now fitted, as far as education can make him so, to be the head of a modern State, it is to Su-k'an (and in some degree to his other Chinese tutors) that this result must be mainly attributed.

Chêng Su-k'an combines loyalty to his emperor with keen patriotism. It should be mentioned that he is a pure Chinese by birth, not a Manchu, and is a native of

the south-eastern province of Fuhkien. If it be asked how his patriotism can be reconciled with a willingness to surrender Manchuria to the Japanese, the answer is that he has no intention of becoming, or of allowing his imperial pupil and master to become, a mere puppet in the hands of Japan, and that he does not regard Manchuria as permanently and irrevocably detached from China. He has never disguised his belief that a Republic, especially in the strange and monstrous shapes which republicanism has assumed in China, is not the form of government that will rescue his country from its present state of misery and chaos or promote it to a place of honour among the nations. He may be wrong in this view, but that he is sincere in holding it cannot be questioned. His belief is that the establishment of a sound and enlightened government in Manchuria will hasten the revival of China, and that reunion between the two will come about when China has ceased to be the prey of self-seeking politicians and ruthless and grasping militarists.

It is, indeed, conceivable that the existence of a well-administered, tranquil, contented and prosperous Manchuria on the borders of China might constitute a constant stimulus and incitement to Chinese statesmen and people to aim at an equally high standard of well-being and administrative efficiency for their own country. Self-respect and considerations of "face," if nothing else, would compel them to make strenuous efforts in that direction. Thus Su-k'an may possibly be right in his belief that Manchuria's temporary independence, so far from hastening the decay and disruption of his native country, may actually prove to be the most effective of all possible agencies in bringing about the regeneration of China and in purging her of the horrible evils that afflict her political and also her social and moral life to-day.

If that regeneration and purgation ever come about, Su-k'an probably knows as well as anyone that the next

step would almost inevitably be a reunion between the two countries. Nor is it in the least degree probable that Japan would be so shortsighted as to set serious obstacles in the way of such reunion. In all likelihood she would have neither the will nor the power to do so. As to the administrative basis on which a reunion would take place, we can guess in what direction lie Su-k'an's beliefs and hopes. Even if in those beliefs and hopes events prove him, as they very well may, to have been utterly wrong, his permanent reputation for high-minded and far-sighted statesmanship is not likely to suffer diminution. That he should be branded in Chinese "Republican" circles to-day as a traitor to his country is natural and inevitable. Men tend to despise the loyalties they have themselves abjured, and to feel bitterness and hate towards those by whom such loyalties are still held precious. Yet when the present generation has passed away, with the tempestuous passions always engendered by revolution, it is not inconceivable that his countrymen of the future will feel proud and consoled by the knowledge that this ignoble age produced a man of the character and standing of Chêng Su-k'an, and will raise him to a high and honourable place among the great patriot-statesmen of China.

A word may be added on the subject of the name of the new State of which Chêng Su-k'an is Premier. In the Press of this country there is a distressing tendency to refer to it as "Manchu-Kuo." The fact that this term (more correctly romanized "Man-chou Kuo") is the name given to the new State by its present Administration is no good reason why people in this country should give up the more euphonious "Manchuria." The usual Chinese term for Manchuria is "Tung San Shêng"—"The Three Eastern Provinces." This designation obviously became inapplicable when the provinces in question declared their independence of China, and the new Administration therefore prefers a term which means nothing more or less than "The Country (Realm or State) of

Manchuria." *Man-chou* means "Manchuria," *Kuo* is the ordinary Chinese word for a State or country. The use of *Kuo* instead of *Shêng* indicates, and is intended to indicate, that Manchuria does not regard itself (for the present at least) as part of China. When we use the term "Man-chou Kuo" we are speaking the Chinese language, and to be consistent we should speak of China as *Chung Kuo*.

Our own familiar term "Manchuria" is not only euphonious, but possesses the further advantage of implying neither acceptance nor rejection of the Manchurian claim to independence. It is as applicable to a dependent group of provinces as to an independent State. From every point of view, therefore, "Manchuria" is the name to which we in this country should adhere.

The Land of Laughter

By Geoffrey Johnson

PONDER no more what magic lands or skies
Harbour the hosts of lovers' hopes and sighs
Since Time began; nor if their spurned caresses
Fall manna-pure on moon-charmed wildernesses,
Nor if their vows and tears, their deathless dreams
Emerge, kingfishers from immortal streams.
Ponder no more on Ruth and Romeo,
But on the land where valiant laughters go:
Odyssean laughters flung at iron doom,
Great-hearted as a whale's in golden spume;
Midnight-convulsing laughters in Gough Square
When Johnson blasted caverns in old Care,
And shook through Time the bases of Despair;
Laughters of Lamb, sending his Thursday cronies
Over the roof of reason, like pit-ponies
Careering down embankments, wild with light
And crazy billowing meadows flung on sight—
Yet tragedy for him had sunk a shaft
As deep as columns of the night; he laughed
From darkness made more terrible by the gleam
Of a sister's knife, a mad undying scream. . . .
Laugh when the odds are strongest, when so black
The night, it seems the very roof will crack
With intolerable pressure. Then, when sound
Chimes to its falling, only to rebound
In prolonged peals and echoes multiplied,
You shall be lifted to that other side,
A timeless moment, where brave laughers are:
Even as in Alpine dark without a star
Sudden sheet-lightning furrows up and bares
Ravines of gentian, glory-peopled stairs
Of jonquil and narcissus; here a spire,
There cataracts hanging in fantastic fire,
And far and far beyond wild-blossomed boughs
Twinkle on twinkle of immortal brows.

Foreign Affairs

By Sir Charles Petrie

THE French and German elections are now over, and it should, at any rate theoretically, be easier to see where we stand. Unfortunately, the election of a new American President does not take place until the autumn, and Washington is more than ever thinking in terms of domestic politics. The United States still resolutely refuses either to leave Europe alone or to assist actively in her rehabilitation. She prefers a policy of ineffectual intermeddling varied by pinpricks, and the coming struggle for the Presidency is therefore bound to exercise a baneful influence on this side of the Atlantic.

The movement to the Left in France was not unexpected, and it had its origin partly in the widespread distrust of M. Tardieu, and partly in the normal desire of the modern electorate to overthrow the government of the day. On the other hand, all that has so far happened is that the balance of power in the Chamber has passed from the Right Centre to the Left Centre. Until the deputies get down to their work it will not be clear what this exactly means. French politicians usually make no great effort to co-ordinate their votes at the Palais Bourbon with the principles which they are supposed to represent, and it must not be forgotten that the last Left Chamber, that of 1924, ended as the docile instrument of the very man, namely, M. Poincaré, whom it had turned out of office in its first flush of triumph. To a large extent, the future depends upon how much M. Herriot has learnt, and how much he has forgotten, since last he controlled the destinies of his country.

M. Herriot's Record.

M. HERRIOT first became Prime Minister in June, 1924, after the victory of the Left in the elections of the previous month, and the consequent enforced

resignation of M. Millerand from the Presidency of the Republic. He continued in office until April of the following year, and during this period he did everything in his power to stir the dying embers of French mistrust of the Church. After his fall in April, 1925, M. Herriot was elected to the Presidency of the Chamber, and he continued to hold that post until in July, 1926, he overthrew, by a dramatic intervention in a debate, and in defiance of all precedent, the government of M. Briand by declaring that the Finance Minister, M. Caillaux, was aiming at a dictatorship.

Then followed his three days' administration, during which the franc fell to 250 to the pound, so little was M. Herriot trusted by those who had anything to lose, and the Third Republic was in as great danger as at any moment since its inauguration in 1870. While the debate on the vote of confidence was taking place in the Chamber, the Palais Bourbon was surrounded by an angry crowd demonstrating against the government; it stretched far along the Quai d'Orsay in both directions, over the Pont de la Concorde into the Place de la Concorde, where a strong body of mounted gendarmerie was in readiness, and its temper was unmistakably ugly. Indeed, had M. Herriot obtained his vote there can be no doubt but that the mob would have stormed the Chamber, and revolution would have ensued.

Our Gullible Press

IT is well that these things should be remembered now that we are asked by a section of our own so-called Conservative Press to acclaim the victory of M. Herriot and the French Left as one of the most hopeful events of our time. On each occasion that the forces of stability in the world receive a set-back Fleet Street utters shouts of joy, and proceeds to rhapsodize about a " new dawn." During the past twenty years we have had new dawns in plenty in Russia, China, Afghanistan, and Spain, but in each case the last state of the country concerned has

been far worse than the first, but the bulk of the Press never seems to learn by experience.

When the Conservative Government of Mr. Baldwin was defeated in 1929 no praise was too high for its Socialist successor, although the latter was clearly committed to those very schemes which nearly brought the country to ruin two years later. Herr Stresemann was hailed as the great moderate German statesman who would be satisfied with a minor concession here and there, but his appetite grew with what it fed on, and, in the fullness of time, it was seen that he had merely paved the way for the Nazis. Similarly, the Spanish Republic was greeted with every sign of enthusiasm as a definite step in the progress of mankind, and within a year of its establishment 200 Spaniards have been killed, and 1,000 seriously injured, in various riots.

So far as France is concerned, the plain fact is that if the new majority in the Chamber shows any temptation to play ducks and drakes with the national finances, or to create internal dissension by a display of belated anti-clericalism, even if disguised as the establishment of the *école unique*, then the consequences in the international field will not be long in making themselves felt. Frankly, M. Herriot's record is not one to inspire confidence, and Left governments always end in disaster in all countries.

France and Germany

UNLESS France is distracted by internal dissensions caused by the policy of her new masters, it is unlikely that the change of government will fundamentally affect her attitude either towards disarmament or her German neighbour. This is not to say that there may not be an apparent modification of M. Tardieu's attitude, but the article which M. Herriot contributed to the *Sunday Times* a few weeks ago gave little evidence that his policy would differ vitally from that of his predecessor. Indeed, a really unpatriotic Frenchman is very rare,

and so far as Germany is concerned, M. Herriot would probably agree upon essentials with M. Daudet.

It is true that in 1924 M. Herriot reversed the policy of M. Poincaré by evacuating the Ruhr, but that was largely because the occupation had served its object from the French point of view. There may, as has been said, on the present occasion, too, be an appearance of a modification, but it will hardly amount to more than that, and as far as naval armaments go it is in the last degree unlikely that there will be any change at all, save in the event of an agreement with Italy, for the *Statut Naval* was passed by the Left Chamber of 1924.

Mussolini or Boulanger?

MEANWHILE, on the other side of the Rhine the Nazis have registered a marked advance both at the Presidential and the Prussian elections, and Herr Hitler is now in the happy position of enjoying power without responsibility. Whatever may be the outcome of the negotiations between him and the Centre, the government both in Prussia and in the Reich is in fact compelled to carry out at least the foreign policy of the Nazis, though with the disadvantage that the blame for any mistakes will be laid at the door, not of the Nazis, but of Dr. Brüning.

Is Hitler a Mussolini or merely a Boulanger? It is no exaggeration to say that upon the answer to this question depends the fate of Europe during the next decade. The Nazi movement has no parallel in German history, and this fact renders it extraordinarily difficult to forecast the course it may take. If its leader has no higher claim to statesmanship than had *le brav' général*, then from the moment that he takes office, National Socialism will begin to decline, and its adherents will go back to the parties from which they originally came; if, on the other hand, he proves to be a second *Duce*, then he may well complete the work of Bismarck as the Italian is completing that of Cavour. One thing he has in his

favour, and it is that being of foreign origin he does not arouse the jealousy within the Reich with which he would have to contend were he a Prussian, a Bavarian, or a Saxon.

So far the only constructive proposal that has emanated from the Nazis has been the scheme that was laid before the Reichstag last month to utilize the unemployed to bring more land into cultivation. This plan, like so many National Socialist ideas, smacks both of Fascism and Bolshevism, for while it is reminiscent of the Italian "battle of grain," the suggestion that forced labour may be necessary has a distinctly Russian sound. In short, the state of affairs in Germany is such that the sooner the capacity of the Nazis for constructive statesmanship is put to the test the better, both for Germany and for Europe.

The League's Finances

SIR WILLIAM DAVISON very definitely performed a public service the other day by his question in the House of Commons with regard to the finances of the League of Nations. In his reply, Sir John Simon admitted that the League's Budget had been upset by the continued default of China, whose contributions are now in arrears to the amount of £400,000, and he was then asked what was the additional burden thrown upon this country by the failure of China to pay her subscription The Foreign Secretary's answer is worth quoting in full:—

> I cannot give a figure, but perhaps it is as well to bear in mind that it is not a case of increasing the contributions, except in this sense, that, if those other countries pay as they should pay, to that extent the estimates for next year will not include any arrears.

What this would mean if put in plain language it is impossible to say, but clearly the default of any one nation must in the long run be made good by the others, and as China is a defaulter to an enormous extent, the

British taxpayer will inevitably enjoy the privilege some time of paying part of the Chinaman's share as well as his own. Why in these circumstances China should be the spoilt darling of the League, whom she has recently put to great expense, it is difficult to understand, nor is it easy to see why the same rule should not apply to the League as to other organizations, namely, that those who are in arrears with their subscriptions automatically cease to be members.

Sir William Davison has, however, succeeded in wakening the Foreign Office to the fact that there may be a limit even to the indulgence of the British taxpayer in these hard times, for the Government has presented a memorandum to the League pointing out that its Budget has risen from 20,250,000 gold francs in 1924 to over 31,500,000 in 1931, and has demanded an inquiry. This is something, but it is not enough, and it is to be hoped that the House of Commons will not let the matter rest where it is.

The "Auspices" of Geneva

UNFORTUNATELY even this does not represent the sum total of the League's shortcomings in the matter of finance, for it is proving quite unable to enforce the payment of the interest on the loans which were so proudly floated a few years ago under its auspices. Those auspices are now shown to have no negotiable value whatever, and Geneva is powerless. Of course, in the bad old days before the world was made safe for democracy gunboats were sent in such cases by the creditor Powers, and the money was forthcoming at once, but that would smack of the use of force, which is quite out of the question now that we all believe in permanent peace; so all that a nation has to do now is to beguile the League (quite an easy thing to do if you know how) into putting its name on the prospectus, raise the money from unsuspecting widows and clergymen who have been led by the League of Nations Union

to believe that the auspices of Geneva mean something, blew the sum thus obtained, and then default with impunity.

In view of the fact that British investors are estimated to have lost £18,000,000 in subscriptions to loans issued under the auspices of the League, the Empire's interest in the matter is by no means purely academic. If it is impossible to exert any effective pressure upon the defaulters to pay what they owe, then no further external credit should be granted to them until they display some indication of a returning sense of financial rectitude, or until it has been satisfactorily proved that they are so heavily taxed that any fresh impositions are out of the question, that is to say, until they are taxed upon the British scale.

Sir Nicholas Grattan-Doyle did put a question to Sir John Simon on this subject, and suggested that in the event of any further loans being raised under the auspices of the League it should be clearly stated that Geneva accepted no financial liability. This is an extremely sensible suggestion, and for that reason it is hardly likely to be put into practice; but there can be no shadow of doubt but that the League has a moral, if not a legal, responsibility towards the sufferers by the present defaults.

The Blasco Ibañez Comedy

IT will be remembered that when Señor Blasco Ibañez died at Mentone in 1928 it was generally supposed that the celebrated author of *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse* had met his end in the full odour of republican and anti-clerical sanctity, and the unfortunate fact that on the table by the side of his bed was a picture of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was hushed up as much as possible. After the revolution in Spain a deputation from the municipality of Valencia, consisting of all the more convinced agnostics of that city, went to Mentone to place a wreath on the tomb of the great opponent of

throne and altar, and to make the necessary arrangements for the return of his body to his native land. To the chagrin of these gentlemen they found upon the tomb not only a cross but also a pious inscription, and nothing further has been heard of the reburial in Spain.

All of which would seem to show that when the end is at hand the programme of the Left is inclined to appear somewhat unsatisfying.

A Reflection on Democracy

PETERBOROUGH, of the *Daily Telegraph*, is to be congratulated upon the following note which appeared in that paper a week or two ago :—

> The assassination of President Doumer awakens some curious reflections as to the fate of the heads of democratic States as compared with monarchical rulers.
>
> In 1,000 years the French Monarchy's record was one lunatic (Charles VI), two assassinations (Henry III and Henry IV), one execution (Louis XVI), and two abdications (Charles X and Louis Philippe).
>
> In sixty years the Republic has had four abdications (MacMahon, Casimir Perier, Grévy and Millerand), one lunatic (Deschanel), and three assassinations (Carnot, Félix Faure, and Doumer).

Other reasons have been advanced for the death of Félix Faure than the one given here, but Peterborough's comparison gives much food for thought, and it proves once more the hollowness of the contention that the average standard of Presidents is higher than that of Kings.

One Thing and Another

By J. B. Morton

[*Below will be found further extracts from the diary kept by Miss Agnes Fiddington.*]

April 23rd.—Joan became suddenly very serious to-day, and said that in a time of National crisis we ought to do something. She then went on to tell me that she had been struck by a brilliant idea. She was going to start a newspaper of the weekly type. I said I didn't think it was as easy as it looked. To which she replied that getting the money was the only difficulty. "Anyone can run a paper," she said, "provided that there's none of that damned sordid anxiety about paying printers, and things of that sort. All we need is a group of us, each putting up a certain amount. Will you come in?" I said, "Well, you must tell me first what the object of the paper is." "What do you mean—object?" she asked. "The policy," said I. "Oh," said she, "there'll be time enough to think of all that stuff later." "But surely," said I, "nobody is going to put money into a thing nowadays without knowing a few details." "That's just where you are wrong," she said. "People are so eager to do their bit for the old country that they let the questions wait. Are you coming in or not?" "Give me a few days," I said.

April 26th.—Joan seems to have induced several people to join her in her scheme, so I have decided to come into it. She was delighted when I told her of my decision. She said, "We've got hold of Melfont who runs the Aesthesia Press at Bitchling. He's promised to print the paper for us with only a nominal charge, because we told him it would be such a good advertisement for his show—especially if we shove his name on the cover in large red letters. And Phœbe has promised to lend us her flat, while she's away, for editorial offices, free of charge. What do you think of that? We shall positively make money over the beastly paper if we're not careful."

I asked who was to edit the paper, and she said she was going to have a shot at it herself, if it didn't take up too much time. "It's a knack," she said, "and I expect I've got it. Anyway I shall soon know whether I have or not. Of course, I don't intend to do the boring part of the job—I mean proofs and all that, and arranging the order of things. I shall just commission the articles, and we ought to be able to get a fair amount for nothing—to start with, at any rate. I think it's frightful fun, and I'm enjoying it already. Besides, every one who does anything is helping the country through the crisis. And that's that."

April 27th.—Mr. Spence came to see me again. He says that it's time to apply the principles of disarmament to the most dangerous of all modern weapons—the motor-car.

April 29th.—We had a meeting at Phœbe's flat to discuss the new paper, but nothing very definite was agreed upon. First of all we discussed the title it should go by. Joan suggested "The Yellow Blackbird." She said we must have something startling, to make the public sit up and wonder what it was all about. Mrs. Mason put forward "A Thought in Season," but we all agreed that it did not sound like a paper at all, but more like a collection of epigrams, one for each day of the year. Then a post card was read out from Melfont himself: "Suggest you call it 'Aesthesia'." But we felt that would be too much of a boost for his Press. Lady Lippincott-Tregrowris said, "The Fighting Fortnightly," but it was pointed out that our paper was a weekly, and that, anyhow, there was already one belligerent "Fortnightly" on the market. My own suggestion was "Stitches in Time," but that was dismissed as too highbrow. A pale-haired, pale-eyed young man (who is to be the Art Editor) said, "How about 'Light and Shadow'?" Nobody answered, so we dropped the idea, and we began to discuss ways and means. Joan said that we must try to write most of the paper ourselves, to save money, but that we could always fill up by publishing

rather long poems by Donne, or some non-copyright poet. "Then you can do that with prose," said Mrs. Mason, "which is generally even longer." So we decided to have every week at least one feature called "Gems of the Past." Lady Lippincott-Tregrowris, whose father edited the "Letters of Frederick Lord Callowmarsh to his Nieces," offered to make herself responsible for these selections, and we broke up feeling that we had done a good day's work.

April 30th.—Good news for our little circle. Joan's brother, who is M.P. for one of the northern constituencies, has at last got his big chance. They have found a job for him on one of the Commissions—the third, I think—which is being sent to Hidasnemeti in Hungary, to take a census of the Hungarians in the place. He hopes to be away for the rest of the year, as the Report is not wanted before the middle of 1933. This, coming on top of his appointment as chairman of the committee formed to inquire into Accidents on Small Bridges, seems to prove that he is one of the coming young men.

May 2nd.—We have been to the Academy, and Clara had hysterics in front of one of the most talked-of pictures: "The Pudgham Town Council Hearing the Evidence of Mrs. Farmiloe on Obscene Language on Licensed Premises."

May 3rd.—Another meeting in Phœbe's flat. The paper is to be called, provisionally, "Helter Skelter." It was decided that Joan should give a party to which as many writers as possible should be invited, so that we could find out which of them would be ready to write for nothing, or for a very small fee. I did not find out till afterwards that when I had gone, Joan suggested that these writers should be given to understand that if the first number went well, there was every chance of a merger with another established weekly, and that, in addition, one of the big combine proprietors has his eye on the venture already. I should have voted against this as being deliberately dishonest.

May 4th.—We all went to see Joan's brother and the other members of the Commission off to Hungary. There were twenty of them, not counting secretaries, clerks and so forth, and we drank toasts in the special champagne which had been ordered for them. Several reporters and photographers were there, and in between the laughter and the breaking of glasses I heard Joan's brother saying to one of the reporters: "Certainly I will give your paper a message. Tell the 'Evening Fun' that I intend to see that Hidasnemeti gets a square deal." Asked his opinion of the East Prussian question, he said: "It will blow over. Silesia is sound enough at heart." I noted these replies because I have often wondered whether people really make them, or whether the newspapers invent them. Just before the train went out a little girl dressed in white was led forward by a mayoress of one of the seaside resorts. She curtseyed and presented a bouquet to the chairman of the commission. There was then a last-minute rush of reporters who asked questions about the Indian cricket team, about Carnera, about Polish coal, about Miss Betty Nuthall, about spring hats, about dieting and about the future of the Five Year Plan.

May 5th.—Lady Lippincott-Tregrowris has suggested that we should publish each week in "Helter-Skelter" a coloured photograph of a famous piece of Greek sculpture.

May 6th.—Writers are evidently more concerned with making money than one would imagine. Nearly all of those who came to the party fought shy of the suggestion that they should contribute to "Helter-Skelter" for nothing. The most that Mr. McElfin would consent to was the use, cost-free, of plentiful extracts from his last book, and he stipulated that the extracts must be printed in a conspicuous position, with a page to themselves, and his own name twice as large as that of any other contributor. We had to give in. We got a kind of half-promise of a few lines on Nature in the Country for half-a-guinea a time. But they all agreed to let us publish their photographs as often as we liked in our "Gallery of Great

Men," provided that they were allowed to write the captions, and short biographical sketches. We were almost despairing when we got hold of what Joan called a real hundred-per-cent. three-ply copper-bottomed gilt-edged sucker. He was a young man who has just made a big success with a novel. He's got no agent to look after him yet, and we hooked him for half-a-dozen articles at a guinea a time. Joan was so delighted that she made him drink beer and whisky in his champagne cocktail.

May 8th.—I met a man at dinner who has spent a day in Moscow, having flown there and back. I asked him what were his impressions of Russia at the present moment—of course I was pulling his leg. But with great solemnity he said, " One's conscious of a big experiment. Things are happening. It is an enormous country, of course, but most interesting. Intensely intriguing. The impression one carries away after even the shortest inspection is that—that it's a pretty big thing, this Bolshevism."

May 11th.—" Helter-Skelter " is to have a new type of leading article. The notes of the week in most weeklies are political, or at any rate, serious in some way or other. We are going to have a light essay instead of all that. The first has been written by Melfont, and describes his Press at Bitchling. We have had a poem sent in, but none of us can be quite certain whether it is very good or very bad. It seems to be like most of the poems to-day, so we have decided to print it and to offer a prize to anybody who will write a short article explaining what it means.

May 13th.—Great excitement when our first proof arrived from Bitchling. It was Joan's article on how to remove freckles from the arms, and it was set up in dignified Gothic lettering, very large. In fact it would take up seven pages, so we shall have to ask him to reduce the size. " Helter-Skelter " is certainly not going to be like the ordinary dull weekly. We have arranged for Sir Arthur Tinder to start a correspondence about one-way traffic, and we're going to have a literary row,

using the initials of well-known writers, so that everyone will jump to the conclusion that the actual writers themselves are involved. It is to start by H.W. calling Miss Tweedle an inflated romanticist. An indignant protest from G.G. follows. Others who join in are D.M., J.C.S., T.E.W.

May 15th.—A great fuss at the Whiteman wedding. The bridesmaids had so much to drink that they were all sick before it started. So Laetitia, finding herself with nobody to hold up her train, sent for a knife and cut off about six yards, to the horror of her mother. However, the bridegroom went to the wrong church by mistake, and by the time he arrived, the bridesmaids, very pale and sorry for themselves, had discovered that there was nothing for them to hold on to. Laetitia had the odd six yards pinned on again, but the two leading bridesmaids tugged so hard on the way up the aisle that the severed bit came away in their hands, and they tumbled over in a heap, upsetting all the rest. I heard that the officiating clergyman said that in all his four years' experience he had never seen such a disgraceful wedding. And Laetitia swore that next time she'd jolly well take care to have it in a register office—a remark that made her husband howl with laughter.

May 17th.—We got a gossip-writer to put a paragraph in his paper about "Helter-Skelter." But he rather overdid things by saying that the first number would contain a hitherto unpublished letter from Leigh Hunt to Hazlitt. "Hitherto unwritten would be better," said Joan. "We must find out who these two fellows are, and make up something. Let's hope for a libel action. It would set us on our feet. Grand publicity."

Some Aspects of Life in Soviet Russia (II)

By Christopher Fuller

THE appalling labour conditions prevailing in Russia have constantly been the subject of discussion upon the platform and in the Press in this country for years past. The admirers of Soviet ideas have been considerably aided in their task of defending Soviet methods by the blatant ignorance and childishly exaggerated accusations of many of those who have taken it upon themselves to voice the indignation of public opinion in England. The Five Year Plan is not, of course, being carried out solely with the forced labour of Kulak prisoners, though, on the other hand, it is equally untrue to say that labour in Russia is free. I was able to see with my own eyes that countless thousands of political offenders are, in fact, imprisoned in large concentration camps in different parts of Russia, where they are compelled to perform the most arduous tasks.

My first glimpse of this chapter of misery was gained near Novo Sibirsk. Having lost my way in the forest one night, I unexpectedly struck the Trans-Siberian railway line, which I followed for several miles. After a while my attention was attracted by the sound of an approaching train. As the ponderous locomotive thundered slowly by, throwing a shower of sparks into the night, I noticed that it was drawing a great number of cattle-trucks. I was surprised to see that the little barred windows of the high trucks were crowded with the grey faces of men and women. The distracted, almost demented, appearance of these poor wretches, gazing disconsolately out into the silent forest, sent a cold shiver into my very soul. There were over fifty of these trucks, each carrying the same load of human suffering. Huddled together as they were, shoulder to shoulder, there must have been fully a thousand of these reluctant passengers. At the tail of

the train on an open platform stood two soldiers with rifles slung over their shoulders laughing and smoking in the light of a flickering lantern. The crude contrast between the deathly intentness of the prisoners and the boisterous joviality of their guards is strangely symbolic of the relationship between rulers and ruled in Russia to-day—callous indifference on the one hand, resignation and despair on the other.

It was not until later, when I made a journey along the upper reaches of the River Tom, that I got a glimpse of a Kulak prison camp. Several kilometres away from Kuznetstroy, one of the remotest outposts of the Five Year Plan and less than 300 miles from the frontier of China, in a wide basin sheltered on all sides by hills, I came upon an immense convict settlement of this kind. Fortunately, the slopes of the hills were covered in patches with thick scrubby vegetation and I was thus able to approach in a crouching position, at times having to crawl, to within less than 50 yards of the edge of the camp. As the hill was steep and I had strong field-glasses, I was able to get a good idea of what lay before me. The camp was about half a mile square and was surrounded by a stout barbed wire fence. Below me and immediately in front of the bush behind which I was concealed, was an elevated platform upon which was standing a sentry with fixed bayonet, who every now and then looked lazily around from side to side. Beside him was what appeared to be a powerful searchlight reflector. Similar raised look-out posts, manned and equipped in the same way, were dotted all along the edge of the camp at intervals of some 500 yards. Inside this carefully guarded enclosure was a large brick factory. Finished bricks were being loaded into lorries from a large stack. The factory was working in full swing and the majority of the prisoners were busy inside. Those that I saw, either at work stacking bricks or being marched in formation from one part of the camp to another looked much like convicts in any other country, except for their ragged and varied

attire. The prisoners lived in long wooden sheds such as I had seen in Kuznetstroy itself, the horrors of which I shall describe below. Assuming that prisoners in Russia are not housed more luxuriously than free labourers, I calculated that the camp must have contained some 800 inmates. I drove along behind the brow of the hill, coming over cautiously from time to time to make observations. In all I counted over forty such camps crowded together as closely as possible. Thus, reckoned on this basis, there must have been some 32,000 prisoners in this one settlement. As travellers' reports have well established the fact that such camps are dotted over the whole length and breadth of Siberia, it is possible to form a vague estimate of the countless number of human souls thus languishing in a life-long exile.

The conditions of free labour are different, though scarcely much of an improvement on that described above. The Five Year Plan was dictated by the economic and political ambitions of its authors, who wilfully ignored the lack of man-power available in Russia for industrial work. The object of the Plan is two-fold; firstly, to industrialize Russia, and secondly, to proletarianize the peasant. The latter consideration is no less important than the first in the eyes of the authors of the Plan. The country districts are systematically visited by recruiting officers, who offer to the peasant every kind of inducement in order to compel him to abandon his land and move to some industrial centre. If the peasant does not allow himself to be cajoled with the usual empty promises of high pay and good conditions, the recruiting officer firmly presents him with a labour contract valid for the duration of the Five Year Plan and despatches him off to whichever centre of industry it has been decided to assign him. In addition to this, he is more often than not obliged to entrust the care of his wife and children to the charity of friends who, more fortunate than he, have been allowed to remain behind in the village.

As contracts run almost without exception for the

duration of the Five Year Plan, the working people are prevented from laying down their tools and seeking employment elsewhere under threat of the gravest penalties. And yet, in spite of the many difficulties placed in their way and their complete lack of funds, with which to travel by rail, it is a fact that large numbers of them do actually succeed in escaping, in order to go in search of employment under more tolerable conditions elsewhere. This migratory tendency on the part of the factory workers is, in fact, a problem which causes the Soviet authorities very considerable concern.

When he arrives at his destination the poor man's troubles begin. Usually not more than about half the workers employed in constructing the factories of the Five Year Plan are provided with housing accommodation of any kind; as to the other half, it is left to their own ingenuity to find for themselves shelter from wind and weather as best they can. At Kuznetstroy the more fortunate workers are housed, as I mentioned above, in long wooden sheds. Conditions prevailing within these four bare walls would, I am sure, shock and horrify the most hardened inspector of slums in any of the big cities of Europe. These workmen's dwellings are completely devoid of any form of furniture except for two long, rough wooden tables resting on trestles, which run the whole length of the hut. Inside this dormitory 100 human beings—men, women and children—are accommodated. Fifty of them sleep on each of these long tables, bundled together under ragged pieces of sackcloth like so many bits of luggage on the long shelves of a railway station cloakroom. The deafening noise of squabbling voices, the mud and refuse which cover the floor, together with the nauseating stench of so many human bodies huddled together in such a small space complete the picture. A number of the inmates find conditions inside so revolting that they prefer, out of old packing cases, to build for themselves sleeping berths along the outside walls of the shed, strangely resembling dog kennels. These, it must be

remembered, are the lucky ones; the others, for whom no accommodation of any kind is provided, live like foxes in the holes they have burrowed in the side of the hill. Having seen for myself the insanitary conditions under which these people live, I was not surprised to observe an unceasing convoy of coffins slowly winding its way from the workmen's area to a large cemetery on a hill nearby.

One of the most marked tendencies of communism is to sacrifice the interests of the peasant to those of the town worker. It is, therefore, not surprising that the conditions of life in the towns are on a definitely higher scale than those prevailing in the distant provinces. As regards wages, the rate, both in the towns and in the country, varies enormously in different parts of Russia. However, the ratio between wages and prices remains much the same. As a general rule, it may be said that the rate of wages is so adjusted that the worker is just able with what he earns to provide himself with rather less than the barest necessities of food and clothing.

The State, however, cannot be reproached with neglecting the town dweller, rather the reverse. State interference has encroached upon every aspect of life. Everything down to the minutest detail is organized for the individual, who is scarcely allowed even to breathe for himself. The family as a unit is not recognized by the Soviet State, which is making a determined effort to destroy this most elementary relationship. Home life has to all intents and purposes disappeared. An unskilled worker does not receive a wage such as would make it possible for him to support a wife; she is, therefore, compelled to become a factory worker also. A wife's ordinary duties in the home are taken over by the State. The children are looked after in public crèches. The food for all the factory workers is usually prepared in a single central kitchen. The finished product, in most cases an unappetizing form of gruel, is then ladled into barrels and despatched in lorries to the different factories in the town, where the workmen take their meals. The

organization of proper housing, on the other hand, still seems to defeat the efforts of the authorities. Even in a town of the importance of Leningrad, accommodation is outrageously inadequate. Anything in the nature of privacy has altogether ceased to exist. Accommodation per head is allotted by the square foot, regardless of sex and relationship. It is not uncommon to find four or more different families, numbering from 16 to 20 people, lodged in a single room eighteen feet by twelve.

It is improbable that the unspeakable conditions of labour and the spirit of terrorism will ever be very different. We must cast our minds back for only a few years to see the radical change that has taken place in Russia. Like most ambitious ideals when put into practice the finished article is a very perverted form of the original project. True communism endeavoured to build a united and prosperous State, based on ultra democratic and nationalist lines, which was to be the exemplary centre for uniting the workers of the world. The people of Russia believed that by sacrificing their needs, by exporting what they would naturally have consumed, and by living on starvation wages for five years they would emerge so rich in resources that their standard of living would be above that prevailing under the capitalist system of other peoples. They still believe this, and the blind faith in what the future will bring is probably more responsible for the continuance of the Plan than the drive of the few enthusiasts. A remark typical of the hope that underlies the endurance of the privations of the Plan was made to me by a woman in Vladikavkas. Her first words as she opened her door to a stranger were: "You see we have no shoes or stockings in Soviet Russia, but," she added, "things will be very different for us when the Plan is over." Little do they realize that 1934 will be as sad a year as 1932, and when the Russian looks back on his suffering and sees that his sacrifices have been in vain, the Soviet Government will be calling to a passive nation without faith and without enthusiasm as it cries

from the loud speakers in every street, "Another five years!"

The character of communism and the structure of the Government is changed. Stalinism has proved the bastard progeny of Karl Marx. The masses have no say in the government and the rulers spare no interest for the people, and it is unlikely that the produce of the factories, which are showing a greater turnover each day, will be distributed among any but the chosen few and the working proletariat of the towns on whom their power rests. The original object of the Plan, to secure a higher standard of living than has been seen under Capitalism, never could have been achieved under communism, if only because of the unavoidable intricacies of international dependence, and we can see it failing now as the five years draw to an end. On the other hand, Russia, the happy hunting-ground of Semitic opportunists, has found a new communism, the tyrannical rule of a minority in power so faintly veiled by the semblance of democracy from the reality of State Capitalism, which may well bring about the successful development of the resources of the country and place it on such an economic basis as to be a great power for evil in the world. We must not be blind to the remarkable results which have already been achieved by the Plan. Although it is true that some 80 per cent. of the population are violently opposed to the Soviet system and single out the Five Year Plan as the object of their special hatred, the fact cannot be overlooked that some 10 per cent. are ardent communists and keen supporters of the present regime; moreover, they possess a fanatical enthusiasm and a religious devotion to the communist faith, which no fair-minded person can fail to appreciate. There would seem to be little to stop Soviet Russia emerging out of the Five Year Plan over the ruin of its people with sufficient economic power to play a dangerous game as the sworn antagonist of capitalist countries and in particular of the British Empire.

* * * * *

So far, we have as yet had no reason, from a purely selfish point of view, to lament the course which events have taken in Russia since 1917. The Russian people have, on the contrary, at the price of endless suffering, performed an inestimable service to mankind, which, it is to be hoped, will one day receive a worthy acknowledgment. Ever since the middle of the last century communism has been advancing from strength to strength. Sooner or later the experiment had to be made. For the failure of the experiment to be of any value in disillusioning the discontented masses throughout the world, who confidently expect from the realization of communist ideas the dawn of a new era, the attempt had to be made under the most favourable circumstances. Thus it is that, by playing into the hands of the Soviet Government at every turn, Europe, wittingly or unwittingly, has best served her own interests. But now that failure is complete, the moment for decisive action has arrived. To persist in an attitude of kindly toleration, which has lost its *raison d'être*, would be to fritter away the fruits either of our good fortune or of our astuteness. If the opponents of communism were as adept as its supporters in the use of propaganda, they would not hesitate now to seize the weapon which lies so ready to hand. Not only do the responsible men in the capitalist State not deign, by means of a forcible and authoritative presentation of established facts, to counter the insidious onslaughts of a country whose entire policy is avowedly directed towards their destruction, but, both in their political and business relations, prompted by the attraction of immediate advantage, they are short-sighted enough to lend a willing hand in building up a power which is but waiting for the propitious moment to turn and rend them.

It would indeed be a sorry consequence of the recent general election, if the leaders of public opinion were to allow themselves to be lulled into dreams of security by the magnificent testimony of unity and patriotism dis-

played in the hour of crisis by the people of this country. Russia, though she is gathering strength from day to day, is not yet a direct menace to us; but other countries in Europe are many of them not in such a happy position. If, however, confident in the knowledge of our present security, we continue as in the past to allow events to take their course, the burden of responsibility will largely fall upon our shoulders, should resistance, in countries less fortunately situated, one day break down and the tide of misery, which has already engulfed two hundred millions of innocent Russian people, sweep on with growing impetus over the face of Europe.

[*Concluded.*]

The first instalment of this article appeared in the May number of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

Edited by HERBERT AGAR

Literary Notes	*By Herbert Agar*
1932 and the Victorians	*By Hugh Kingsmill*
Books Recommended :	
Romantic and Classic Novelists	*By Osbert Burdett*
Only Yesterday	*By Osbert Burdett*
The Eighteenth Century	*By D. C. Somervell*
"And We Die Far Away"	*By R. B. Mowat*
Science and Philosophy	*By Arnold Lunn*

Literary Notes

By Herbert Agar

Words on a Holiday

"When I use a word," Humpty Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, "it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less."

"The question is," said Alice, "whether you can *make words mean different things."*

"The question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "which is to be master—that's all."

THIS question has become urgent in modern criticism. For there is danger of the words becoming master, in which case they will take a rest, and mean nothing at all, until someone succeeds again in dominating them, in putting them to work. Literary criticism that is not based on a theory of æsthetic becomes mere desultory clapping and booing, like the antics of gallery girls at a theatre. But an æsthetic cannot exist except as part of a comprehensive

view of life. The problem of art cannot be solved, or even stated, in isolation from the problems of morals and of metaphysics. And the modern world fights shy of all these problems, so it is natural that art criticism should be enfeebled, along with the other forms of thought.

An Attempt to Make Them Work

ONE modern thinker has not fought shy of the major problems of philosophy. Signor Benedetto Croce, in the four volumes of his "Philosophy of the Spirit," has produced a correlated æsthetic, logic, ethic, and theory of knowledge. Characteristically, the world has seized upon the first volume, the "Æsthetic," and praised or blamed it without reference to the rest of the Crocean philosophy. The "Æsthetic," thus isolated, loses much of its richness, and the general public, therefore, has had little chance to understand Signor Croce's thought. The chance, however, has now been increased by the publication of Mr. E. F. Carritt's "What is Beauty?" (Oxford Press). In this brief, clear book, the essentials of Crocean æsthetic, and the relations of the æsthetic to the other problems of philosophy, are cogently suggested. Mr. Carritt writes with full knowledge of what can be argued in opposition to these views; therefore, there is richness and persuasiveness in all he says.

The Crocean æsthetic might be characterized as an elaboration of Wordsworth's dictum, quoted by Mr. Carritt, that "the appropriate business of poetry . . . is to treat of things not as they *are*, but as they *appear*; not as they exist in themselves, but as they *seem* to exist to the *senses* and to the *passions*." "Things as they *appear*" is the Wordsworthian phrase for what Signor Croce calls the primary, or æsthetic, form of consciousness—the immediate awareness of experience, the direct intuition. Wordsworth's "things as they *are*" would refer, according to Signor Croce, to one of the two forms of conceptual thought: science, or philosophy which

includes ethics. Art, according to this view, is the expression of the intuition. When Milton wrote:

> "And now the Sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
> And now was dropt into the Western bay,"

he was expressing "things as they appear"—not to the external view of science, but to the man who is experiencing them. Art is the expression of life as experienced by the agent, rather than life judged by the philosopher, or life measured and abstracted by the man of science. Beauty is found in whatever is expressive of such experience; and ugliness, to quote Mr. Carritt, is "the failure to be expressive in a thing which claims or is expected to be so."

Croce and the Unity of the Spirit

WHEN the Crocean æsthetic is thus summarized, it may appear to make art a thing apart, independent of morals or of practical affairs. Such is not Signor Croce's intention. To define the essential nature of art, Signor Croce arbitrarily separates the intuitional from the other forms of spiritual life; but he never loses sight of the unity of the spirit, nor pretends that a work of art can, in fact, be abstracted from its moral or practical significance. Mr. Carritt is not always quite clear on this point; but Mr. Carritt is only attempting to suggest, in 111 pages, a few of the important questions and answers that arise from the query, What is Beauty? In this attempt he has been successful. And it is gratifying to find a modern discussion of art that is free from reference to experimental psychology. Mr. Carritt, apparently, does not believe that the subtlest problems of the human spirit can be illuminated by taking a pig's blood-pressure before and after pulling its tail.

Croce and the Intensity of Poetry

ONE element in the experience of poetry is not accounted for by the Crocean formula, namely, the heightening and intensifying effect of rhyme and rhythm.

Swinburne wrote: "Things in verse hurt one, don't they? Verse hurts horribly. It is odd that words should change so just by being put into rhyme. They get teeth and bite; they take fire and burn." It is doubtful whether any philosophy, any consideration of the problem in terms of consciousness and reason, can account for this magic power of words when they are arranged in certain patterns. It seems necessary to assume that the beat of the rhythm, the crying of the rhymes, awakes some primitive and perhaps unconscious source of energy, thus adding to the power of the expression.

Humanism Inside Out

MR. F. R. LEAVIS, the author of "New Bearings in English Poetry" (Chatto and Windus), appears to have absorbed some Crocean doctrine, for he makes much of two of Signor Croce's main theses: that an intuition and its expression (in words, music, etc.) are one and the same thing, and that there are no such classes of experience as the poetical and the non-poetical. But the illuminating theories of the great Italian suffer a sad change in passing through Mr. Leavis's mind. For Signor Croce, the study of art should increase the spirit's power to enter into great experiences; it should diminish the barrier that divides us from great minds of the past, and help us, according to our capacities, "to grow great with them in the universality of the spirit." As the final reward of such discipline, we should be able to echo Mr. Santayana's proud phrase:

> "And being so much kinsman to the dead
> I walk contented to the peopled grave."

For Mr. Leavis, however, the result of literary study seems to be the finding of more and more reasons to despise the past, to insult with a flippant arrogance both the great dead and such of the living as still pay them reverence. Walter Pater—whom Mr. Leavis scorns—

defined humanism as the belief "that nothing that has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality—no language they have spoken, nor oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream which has once been entertained by actual human minds, nothing about which they have ever been passionate, or expended time and zeal." But Mr. Leavis would change that slightly, and say that anything that interested the men and women of the past was probably ridiculous, if not vulgar, and that only when they can be shown to fit the fashions of the moment should we give such out-moded maunderings a hearing. Donne, for example, may be admitted; but not Milton. And as for the Victorian age—it is all too shameful. The following comment on Meredith is characteristic: "*Modern Love* seems to me the flashy product of unusual but vulgar cleverness working upon cheap emotion."

What Riches Have They ?

A VERY little of this sort of nonsense stirs one to turn on Mr. Leavis and demand: "What riches have you that you call me poor?" What mangificent stirring present have you discovered that the past dwindles so pitifully before your eyes? The answer is odd, to say the least; for no one could outdo Mr. Leavis in deploring the poverty of the present. He sees that "meaning and direction have vanished"; he admits that "nothing adequate has taken the place" of the culture that is being destroyed. Yet he remains ferocious in his scorn for anyone who would exercise the common privilege of educated men, who would live in the rich past as well as in the fleeting, attenuated present. In spite of all this, Mr. Leavis's book has value; it is a clear statement of what the most modern poets are revolting against, of why they are doing so, and of what they hope to accomplish.

Mr. Leavis, naturally, has contempt for Mr. G. K. Chesterton; it is therefore amusing to compare Mr.

Leavis's effort with the social and literary criticism in Mr. Chesterton's latest book, "Sidelights" (Sheed and Ward). It is not the defender of the past who looks silly.

1932 and The Victorians

By Hugh Kingsmill

MR. F. L. LUCAS is bringing out a series of anthologies, under the general title of "Poets in Brief."* A new feature of these anthologies is Mr. Lucas's defiance of the convention that beautiful passages are necessarily better in their context. Many of his extracts are fragments of three or four lines, which gain greatly by being lifted out of inferior matter.

Mr. Lucas has opened his series with Tennyson and Beddoes, two poets with whom he is in close sympathy. Both Tennyson and Beddoes were lonely, self-centred men. But Beddoes killed himself at forty-five, and was poor and unknown at his death; whereas Tennyson died at over eighty, a peer and the most popular poet in our history. The difference in their destinies corresponds to the difference in their self-centredness. Beddoes was self-centred against his will, and died an embittered rebel against a scheme of things in which he had been unable to find the love he desired. Tennyson was self-centred by instinct, and therefore attracted the homage which the multitude pays more readily to those who despise than to those who love it. In actual genius, Tennyson is hardly superior to Beddoes in the rare moments when Beddoes's genius worked itself free from the entanglements of his unhappy nature; but in variety and extent of achievement Tennyson is, of course, beyond any comparison with Beddoes.

In his otherwise just and discriminating introduction to the Tennyson volume, Mr. Lucas lends his support to the illusion, held by many beside himself, that the post-

* Cambridge University Press.

war generation is bitter and cynical about the Victorians. Tennyson, Mr. Lucas writes, "exasperates the present generation so badly that they have not patience to find out what is best in him, or to value it when they find it, embedded as it is in so much that they hate or ridicule. . . . . We view the age of Tennyson as the Restoration viewed the age of Cromwell. . . . . The dead Victorians still hang gibbeted before the world's mockery, as the dead Cromwell and Ireton were torn up from the Abbey, where they had been laid so pompously, to rot high on Tyburn; but the future, more indifferent to the cleverness of 1932, will be more merciful—and juster—to the past."

The corpse of Cromwell was hanged up within two years of his death, but seventy years separate the present generation from Victorianism at its zenith. To say that we view the age of Tennyson as the Restoration viewed the age of Cromwell is to suggest that the modern world, which is supposed to be unduly restless and hasty, takes thirty-five times as long over its reactions as the seventeenth century. Such a suggestion has no support from the facts. The first and most passionate protest against Victorianism was made in the sixties of the last century, when Swinburne invoked Dolores to "come down and redeem us from virtue." The early novels of Ouida echoed this protest in terms more intelligible to the ordinary reader. Samuel Butler, a few years later, inverted Victorian morality in "Erewhon." The æsthetes, socialists, and imperialists launched their separate attacks on Victorianism in the last decades of the nineteenth century, and the first decade of the twentieth; and by 1914 the prestige of the Victorians had sunk to its lowest level. The four most influential writers just before the war were Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett and G. K. Chesterton. Shaw detested Macaulay, Tennyson and Thackeray, and praised Dickens chiefly as a social reformer. Wells and Bennett detested Thackeray, despised Tennyson, ignored Macaulay

and did not relish Dickens. The only Victorians approved by Shaw, Wells and Bennett were those in revolt against the morals, economics or religion of their age, Carlyle, for example, and Ruskin, Huxley and Samuel Butler. Chesterton, some years younger than the other three, was the first of the Edwardians to stem the anti-Victorian current, erecting Dickens into a bulwark against both socialism and æstheticism, and finding even in the more orthodox Victorians, Thackeray, Browning and Tennyson, much more to praise than to condemn.

The war was favourable to the Victorians, who, seen across that gulf, became the objects of a more disinterested appreciation than was possible to men whose earlier years were spent at close quarters with Victorian morality and religion. Mr. Lucas's gibbeting image is true of Swinburne, Samuel Butler, and Shaw. It is not true even of the earliest post-war critic of the Victorians, Lytton Strachey, against whom the only reproach that could possibly be brought is that he dissected the corpses after the tempest of the war had blown them from their gibbets. "Eminent Victorians" marked, in fact, the first stage in a more benign treatment of the Victorian age, its acidity being an Edwardian ingredient with which Lytton Strachey dispensed altogether in his next book, "Queen Victoria." Nothing could be less like gibbeting than the imaginative sympathy with which Strachey portrayed the Prince Consort, the butt of every anti-Victorian in pre-war days.

In the ten years since Strachey's "Queen Victoria," the Victorians have been celebrated with an ever-increasing respect and even tenderness. Our critics and biographers of late years, so far from hanging up the Victorians to rot, have treated them with a forbearance which perhaps suggests rather too strongly the image of a vigorous young man supporting his great-grandfather during a quiet stroll round the garden. With the exception of "This Side Idolatry," an indictment of Dickens as a man, Mr Leavis' "New Bearings in English Poetry"

and a biography of Matthew Arnold, written, it may be, too much in the spirit of a young man chasing his great-grandfather round the garden with a pitch-fork, I cannot think of any post-war study of a Victorian unsteeped in courtesy and consideration, relieved occasionally by the indulgent smile of affection. In addition to Tennyson, who was amiably treated by Mr. Harold Nicolson in a biography which Mr. Lucas himself praises in his introduction, Gladstone, the Brownings, Palmerston, Ruskin, Rossetti, Anthony Trollope, Swinburne, indeed nearly all the great Victorians, orthodox or unorthodox, have been portrayed of late with unexceptionable piety. And if we leave the study for the theatre, we find Mr. Noel Coward, our nearest equivalent to the Restoration dramatists, making a great deal of capital, in both senses, out of the modern feeling for the picturesqueness of Victorian manners.

The defect in our present attitude to the Victorians is, in fact, the exact opposite of what Mr. Lucas affirms. We are not too cynical about them, but too sentimental. We treat them with a deference which they were very far from extending to each other, and are so anxious to appear magnanimous that we neglect to be sincere.

When one reflects on all the bitterness that has been expended both in defending and attacking the Victorians, one cannot but regret that Queen Victoria was so long-lived. Had the great Victorians lived under three or four sovereigns, they would be judged on their own merits instead of being regarded as embodiments of an epoch which owes the illusion of its spiritual unity to the longevity of a single person. If Victoria had died in 1842, the pathos of her early death would have been linked in the popular imagination with the exquisite charm of Tennyson's first period, his later uninspired work would be forgotten, like the uninspiring monarchs in whose reigns it was composed, and the word Victorian would mysteriously unite in one image the laughter of the Pickwick Papers and the beauty of the Lady of Shalott.

Books Recommended

The following is a selected list of books just published or to be published shortly :—

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY AND POLITICS.

THE FOREIGN POLITICAL SYSTEM. W. L. MIDDLETON. (Benn. 12s. 6d.)

DOROTHY WORDSWORTH. CATHERINE MACDONALD MACLEAN. (Chatto & Windus. 15s.)

FATHER TYRRELL AND THE MODERNIST MOVEMENT. J. LEWIS MAY. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.)

STANHOPE. BASIL WILLIAMS. (Oxford Press. 18s.)

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. PIERRE GAXOTTE. Translated, and with an Introduction by WALTER ALISON PHILIPS. (Scribner. 15s.)

DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST. EDMUND WILSON. (Scribner. 7s. 6d.)

NEW RUSSIA. ANATOLE DE MONCIA. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

DESIRE AND RESTRAINT IN SHELLEY. FLOYD STOVALL. (Cambridge Press. 20s.)

MAN AND TECHNICS. OSWALD SPENGLER. (Allen & Unwin. 6s.)

THE ROSSETTI FAMILY. R. D. WALLER. (Manchester University Press. 10s. 6d.)

FRANK HARRIS. HUGH KINGSMILL. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

FICTION.

THE WINTER ABROAD. " JAMES ASTON." (Chatto & Windus. 7s. 6d.)

SALE BY AUCTION. GEOFFREY DENNIS. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL. HILAIRE BELLOC. With Drawings by G. K. CHESTERTON. (Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d.)

THE SOLDIER AND THE GENTLEWOMAN. HILDA VAUGHAN. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)

THRILLERS.

THE VICAR'S EXPERIMENTS. ANTHONY ROLLS. (Bles. 7s. 6d.)

DOCTOR FRAM. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 7s. 6d.)

CRITICISM.

PEN PORTRAITS AND REVIEWS. BERNARD SHAW. (Constable. 6s.)

CRITICISM. DESMOND MACCARTHY. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

Romantic and Classic Novelists

CHARLOTTE BRONTË. By E. F. BENSON. (Longmans, Green & Co. 12s. 6d.)

JANE AUSTEN: HER LIFE AND ART. By DAVID RHYDDERCH. With an Introduction by LEONARD HUXLEY. (Dent. 7s. 6d.)

THESE two books, not only in their subjects, are in sharp contrast to each other. While Mr. Rhydderch is much interested, as Mr. Huxley puts it, in finding real caps to fit quite a number of heads among Miss Austen's characters, Mr. Benson, exploring by the light of Charlotte's own letters the Brontë Saga, as he calls it, that innumerable worshippers from the time of Mrs. Gaskell have happily imagined, sifts the truth from the legends, and presents a quieter and more balanced portrait without either prejudice or heroine-worship. Mrs. Gaskell's retractations are mentioned only because they have been ignored, and the result is a convincing picture in which ample remains to justify our interest after all the exaggerations have been discarded. In other words, Mr. Benson's book is a genuine attempt at biography, while Mr. Rhydderch's is a combination of biography and criticism, in which the probable originals of Jane Austen's characters, composite though these were, form a large part of the interest. Mr. Benson has done his work extremely well. Not the partizan of an ideal nor of any member of the family, he writes sympathetically of all, and in particular has hit, I fancy, the truth about Branwell's alleged share in "Wuthering Heights." Mr. Benson believes that he supplied the opening, which is the weakest part of the book; and the stories that he brought home from the Black Bull may have provided, from his intimacy with Emily, the material that she had the genius to transfigure. For beyond the report of his conversational powers, poor Branwell left little evidence of ability, and his own style was stilted and affected in the few letters of his that have survived. The Héger correspondence supports Mr. Benson's contention that the reason for Charlotte's self-reproaches in returning to Brussels is now explained, and also that her love for her married employer was the motive of her impulsive visit to the confessional. These are only examples of the disputes examined by Mr. Benson, who succeeds in drawing a living figure, through the processes of its growth, from a very shy and rather censorious girl to a young woman of much fortitude and determination who found her brief but real happiness in a delayed but carefully planned marriage which only her persistent

overcoming of difficulties could have brought about. Unlike Mr. Rhydderch, he has a good story to tell, though Jane Austen's life was none the less vivid because it could best be told by a complete series of her unfortunately largely missing letters.

Mr. Benson is honest enough to admit the impossible story in "Jane Eyre," and finds, of course, the merit of Charlotte in the passion with which she infused her sincere emotions into this clumsy melodrama. In other words, Charlotte Brontë was a romantic writer, who really understood little beyond her own emotions, and with such small power of accurate observation that she could describe nothing within her range unless her emotions had been stirred by it. Beyond this limit, she could splash rather than portray, and the character of her sister Emily and the quality of that sister's novel were alike outside her ken. Confession was her strong point; creative imagination and observation were beyond her. Thus she had almost all the ingredients of a popular novelist. Jane Austen, of course, while moving, too, in a narrow circle, was an incomparable observer, and the form of her books was classical. She wrote of nothing that she did not know, and she knew everything within her reach. This knowledge included the subtleties of the heart no less than the minute indications of character, and her stories condense the principal phases in the life of her creations. She was the born professional as Charlotte was the born amateur. Therefore, to read Charlotte, you have to love the author more than her work. You turn from that work still more eagerly to her own life, whereas the detachment and humour of Jane can leave you a curiosity indifferent, if only because you feel that her experiences in this world can have been no more than the unco-ordinated materials left over from her novels. In other words, Jane, being an artist, leaves you content with her art, because it is the art rather than its material that holds you. A first ball, an afternoon tea-party, the feelings aroused by the death of a rich relative—what are these in themselves unless incomparably rendered? Not even the devotee would exchange Jane Austen's novels for the fullest biography, whereas the life of Charlotte Brontë and of the household at Haworth are of unfading interest, and it is this interest now that keeps her own novels alive with the glamour reflected on them of the mysterious "Wuthering Heights," unsurpassed as that remains in its lonely imaginative splendour. That book is a great creation, at the opposite extreme of Jane Austen's. The student of form can

learn as little from it as he can learn much from Miss Austen's classical art. Its characters are real, but superhuman. Outside their peculiar setting they scarcely belong to the everyday world. But Miss Austen, content with polite life, explores its surface so thoroughly that she includes the hearts that can break there, too, and Mr. Rhydderch, though his manner is over-allusive, goes over the ground to find his subject's life reflected, to tabulate her achievements, to number her very shrubberies, villains, and kisses, and to pour out the admiration that his intimate love has inspired. His book will be better appreciated by the converted than by the novice. Mr. Benson, on the other hand, is lucid and direct, and his book will remain an indispensable centre of record in the conflicting volumes that the Brontë family have provoked.

OSBERT BURDETT.

Just published — M. E. Ravage's

EMPRESS INNOCENCE

The Life of Marie-Louise

"He has done his work excellently. The life is well balanced, well documented, lively and at times amusing. — *Times Lit. Supp.*

12*s.* 6*d.*

HEINEMANN

Only Yesterday

MEN AND MEMORIES II: RECOLLECTIONS OF WILLIAM ROTHENSTEIN (1900–1922). With 48 full-page plates. (Faber and Faber. 21s.)

THIS second volume of the memories of Sir William Rothenstein completes a survey of fifty years, continuing the tale of his life and friendships in London to within ten years of the present day with a wealth of experiences that would be bewildering were it not for the inner order of his narrative. The two volumes, in fact, make a living history of art during half a century by an active participant, whose friendships with the leaders of many movements placed him in the thick of the throng and have enabled him to enrich his pages with many letters. Hardly an artist or writer of note is absent, though the author chiefly allows himself to appear in his relations with his friends and in some very interesting remarks on the movements with which he has been associated.

It is the record of a singularly full and happy life; and few can have had a richer capacity for friendship or proved more receptive to the diversities of experience. Whether travelling in Germany, in Italy or in India, whether living in a Gloucestershire village and employing local labour on the extension and furnishing of a house, or at the front making a record of the Army and the ruins, the author is equally absorbed by the life before his eyes. His friendship with Tagore is as intimate as that with Max, with the young as with the old, with women as with men, and equally unobtrusive. It deserves to be called an inexhaustible book: a book to be enjoyed rather than reviewed, which leaves the detached method of the historian nowhere. The life of a period is the pulse of these pages. They are not the record of a time, but the time itself unfolding.

The chief points of departure in the story are the Post-Impressionist Exhibition, the War, and the author's appointment as Principal of the Royal College of Art. Those who recall the simplicity of the style in the first volume will not be disappointed in the second, and the author's belief that working artists can make the best teachers is illustrated by his own pages of discourse. There is an innocent directness in all he has to say, and the wholesomeness of his attitude to life will make these Memories interesting to very different kinds of readers. For example, take these, out of many little things; the bigger are too long to quote: In Art, Lord Northcliffe had "a quite sincere bad taste, and what

he liked he believed to be good"; Epstein's remark: "if a regard for perfect form makes an artist a classicist, I am a classicist of the classicists"; the portraits, in line and in words, of Joseph Conrad; beside reflections both vivid and fair.

The two volumes are like a procession of figures on a frieze, and the unobtrusiveness of the narrator reveals him by a style that tells more than direct self-reference. Unlike may works with a similar ambition, this is neither thin, nor colourless, nor malicious, and it will remain an indispensable quarry for the future, in which many famous artists have left their own foot-prints from the letters that they have allowed to appear. Perhaps the best summary of Rothenstein's attitude is this: "a man after my own heart, with no bias in favour of any form of art, who waited to be convinced by the ring of the voice to which he listened."

OSBERT BURDETT.

The Eighteenth Century

ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By R. B. MOWAT. (Harrap. 4s. 6d.)

IN this agreeable but somewhat sketchy and miscellaneous little book Mr. Mowat passes in review many aspects of English life between the reign of Queen Anne and the outbreak of the French Revolution. We have chapters, averaging a dozen pages each on such topics as the clergy, country-house life, literary dictatorships, Spa life, the Army, the Navy, commerce, science, Scotland, Ireland, etc. Mr. Mowat prefers the concrete to the abstract; after a few brief generalizations on each of his topics, he goes straight to the men of flesh and blood, whether of fact or of fiction. Thus the chapter on the clergy introduces Fielding's Parson Adams, Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, Woodforde of the now famous "Diary", White of Selborne, Richard Bentley, William Law, Bishop Robinson, and John Wesley. The treatment accorded is adequate enough for the lesser names but hardly for the great; still, Mr. Mowat might say in reply that we can all find plenty of information about the Methodist movement elsewhere. Here, certainly, we find little enough A

good feature of the book is its abundant quotations. On each subject Mr. Mowat goes to the best authority, whether contemporary or modern; to Adam Smith on commerce and to Mr. Namier on the party system.

Were they more civilized then than now? Well, they seem to have attached more importance to poets. When the battle of Blenheim was won many bad poems were written, but "none was good enough for the Government." The Prime Minister consulted the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and he indicated Mr. Addison. Mr. Addison wrote "The Campaign" and was rewarded with a sinecure worth £200 a year. Next year he was made an Under-Secretary of State.

Mr. Mowat is a professor and I therefore blue-pencil him with reluctance and trepidation, but is he not wrong in adducing the famous general election of 1784 as an assertion of public opinion in defiance of the borough-owners? Of course, all the old books used to say so, but has it not recently been proved that Mr. Pitt's victory was in fact the result of the most complete application of the arts of corruption ever yet attempted? What about Mr. John Robinson and his account books? I refer Mr. Mowat to the work of another professor under whom we both sat in the days of our careless youth—H. W. C. Davis's "Age of Grey and Peel." May I also suggest that 1700 is not the first year of the eighteenth but the last year of the seventeenth century, and that Jefferson was not the second President of the United States but the third?

D. C. SOMERVELL.

PITMAN'S
CARAVANNING AND CAMPING
By A. H. M. WARD, M.A. A book that tells you all about the various caravans and trailers, gives hints on kit together with general advice on camping holidays, itineraries, etc., unsolved. Interesting and instructive. 2/6 net, *of a bookseller, or*
SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, LTD., Parker Street, Kingsway, W.C. 2.

"And We Die Far Away"

THE JACOBITE MOVEMENT. By SIR CHARLES PETRIE, BART. (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 10s. 6d.)

JACOBITISM, at any rate since the collapse of the movement, has always had a romantic attraction for the general public, and particularly for men of letters, from Dr. Johnson to Andrew Lang. Sir Charles Petrie, while not eschewing the romantic aspect of the movement, has written a work of serious history, which is obviously the result of long study.

The earlier chapters cover a wider field than Jacobitism, for they are an interesting survey of English history, chiefly on the domestic side, from about 1650 to 1714. There are some interesting pages on the economic results of the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell. The author is of opinion that the root of Jacobitism is to be found in the year 1650 or thereabouts; that a considerable number of English people wished to have a constitution like that which existed before 1643; a constitution like that of James I and Charles I, but without their abuses; and that others desired a constitution under some such limitations as the Commonwealth had imposed. Those who desired the pre-1643 constitution, or rather their successors, became Jacobites; the others became Whigs.

The Restoration and the whole reign of Charles II is dealt with in a clear and interesting manner. Sir Charles Petrie, who is a product of the Oxford school of history, has a facility for making remarks and criticisms on men and things which will make his book useful to historical students. He devotes great care to describing and judging the characters of the important men of the time, and he is not at all prone to extreme views. Suggestive parallels are frequently introduced: for instance between the English Restoration of 1660 and the Spanish Restoration of 1875; and between Viscount Dundee and General De Wet. The influence of the Church is given due place, the Non-Jurors, for example, deservedly receiving attention. One of the original Non-Juring bishops (the Bishop of Gloucester) was a member of Sir Charles Petrie's college, and would have been one of the seven (or rather eight, as he would have made them) had his black horse brought him more quickly to London in 1688.

James II, to whom most, if not all, of the misfortunes of his family are to be ascribed, made two great blunders: one, in

obstinately promoting the Roman Catholic system in England; two, in being so cruel (and quite unnecessarily cruel, the author thinks) after the victory at Sedgemoor. James II had some good qualities, but Sir Charles Petrie is of opinion that all Stuarts in later age belied the promise of their early years; in the Coburg family, he writes, the reverse has been true. Of William III he has no great opinion; William's Protestantism, he writes, was a pose. Altogether Sir Charles does not seem to think very highly of Macaulay, or to make much use of the monumental "History," for which I am a little sorry. On the other hand he admires Louis XIV, and approves of M. Louis Bertrand's eulogistic biography.

The fortunes (or misfortunes) of the Jacobites are related in particular detail after 1714, but the crowning mistake is considered to have occurred earlier: James II should have abdicated after the battle of the Boyne in favour of the Prince of Wales, and then there might have been a speedy restoration. James III wins some warm praise from the author; reasons are adduced to show that he would have made a good king. His followers, however, made serious mistakes. The rebellion of 1715 failed through "incapacity almost amounting to imbecility." Naturally, a considerable amount of space is devoted to the great adventure of 1745. The dramatic changes of fortune through which Prince Charles and his army passed in this rebellion are explained in part by the fact that "each side over-estimated the strength and resources of the other." Sir Charles has come to the conclusion, after examining all the available evidence, that if Prince Charles Edward had marched onwards from Derby he would have gained the crown for his father. Lord Mahon, in his "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," is of the same opinion, but adds that the gain would only have been momentary; the massed forces of the Hanoverian cause would have been too strong for the Jacobites, once the panic was over. Sir Charles Petrie would not hold with this view, as he believes that the fighting value of the Government troops was low, and he suspects that there was disaffection in the ranks or among the officers.

Prince Charles's life after the Rebellion of 1745 is followed carefully by the author. Readers may be particularly interested in the account of the Elibank Plot on which Sir Charles has previously written an original paper. He is of opinion that the

end of Jacobitism as a political movement came with the acceptance of a cardinalate by Henry, Duke of York.

There is a bibliography at the end of the book, and sources are indicated in occasional footnotes. To have given references for all the challenging statements in the book would obviously have overloaded the pages. On the other hand, it would have been a further help to scholars if Sir Charles Petrie had inserted a critical source-apparatus, with references to the appropriate pages, at the end of the book, as Mr. Bryant did in his recent well-known biography of Charles II.

The book is judicious and instructive, pleasantly written, and skilfully avoids mere antiquarianism, for the general historical setting is admirably sketched in. It shows a steady development on the part of the author's powers; and it deals with a subject which too easily attracts mere sentiment and rhetoric, soberly, yet with imagination.

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Science and Philosophy

THE PHILOSOPHICAL ASPECTS OF MODERN SCIENCE. By C. E. M. JOAD. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.)

THE first part of this book is devoted to a critical study of the idealism of Sir Arthur Eddington and Sir James Jeans. The fact that these two distinguished scientists have avowed their belief in God has provoked a sensation mainly because the arguments of Thomas Huxley have just begun, and the arguments of St. Thomas Aquinas have not yet begun, to filter down to the man-in-the-street.

Sir Arthur Eddington has an attractive way of interpreting the new truths of science and the old truths of theology, but he himself would be the first to disclaim the credit for having added anything new to the arguments for the supernatural or to the arguments against mechanism.

Mr. Joad's view is that the reaction against materialism and mechanism has gone too far, in that there is a tendency to deny objectivity to the common-sense world which forms part of our everyday experience.

In the latter part of this book Mr. Joad has developed his own philosophy, a philosophy of creative evolutionism which is influenced by the vitalism of Samuel Butler and George Bernard Shaw. Mr. Joad, in spite of his recent spirited protest on behalf of reason, cannot fairly be described as a rationalist. He justifies his own creed by faith rather than by evidence and reason. The Christian argues from admitted facts; from the admitted presence of design in the natural world to a designer; from the universality of the moral law to a moral law-giver, and so forth. Mr. Joad begins, not with fact, but with a poetic fiction, the creation of his own mind. Consider, for instance, the following passage with which he sums up his view of life: "I hold that individual minds are not, as they at first sight appear to be, isolated and separate activities, but are expressions of a universal form or principle of life. This universal force or principle is associated with matter, which constitutes a separate or distinct factor of the universe. Matter differentiates and disperses life into an infinity of separate living monads much as a line of rocks will disperse into a cloud of spray the wave which dashes against them." All of which is attractive enough as an analogy, once the main position has been proved, but Mr. Joad does not

condescend to offer any proof for his creed. Nor can Mr. Joad be acquitted of that modern habit of taking refuge from thought in the clouds of metaphor. It is easier to compare life to a breaking wave than to face up to the real problem of how life originated.

Mr. Joad's philosophy leads inevitably to a belief in God and in the supernatural. He affirms his belief "that the world of which we are aware in æsthetic and religious experience is objective," but he carefully avoids the use of the word "supernatural," for he suffers from that modern complaint, *logophobia*, whose victims dislike words with religious associations. "Value" in modern jargon has roughly the same meaning as "supernatual" in the science of theology, and Mr. Joad's "theory of value" is, in fact, a defence of the validity of the supernatural, just as his "universal principle of life" is merely a Lay way of saying "God."

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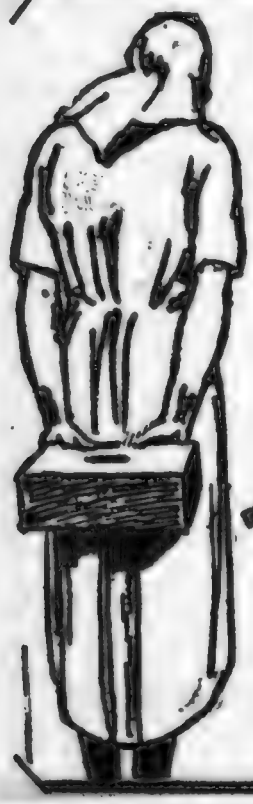

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"Story in Spite of Romance"

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—On reading Stella Benson's articles in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, a "Story in Spite of Romance," I was reminded that Romance sometimes deigns to enter even the dreary walls of a Far-Eastern Consular Office. A good many years ago the writer was seated at his desk engaged on some probably useless job when the office "boy" informed him that a "Danna San" (Japanese for a gentleman) wanted to speak with him. Many drab persons passed in and out daily, so it was with a sense of sheer delight to see enter a dignified Russian Officer who promptly saluted the humble official before him.

He was his own herald and the resplendent names of Count Nicolas de Toulouse Lautrec de Savine rolled round the room. He produced in evidence a passport of which the best that could be said of it was that the foundation appeared sound; the superstructure was of a florid neo-Byzantine style that could only have been desecrated by the affixture of a plain British visa. No ill-feeling, however, was evinced on either side. Count Nicolas gave a brief sketch of his career and fortunes such as the readers of THE ENGLISH REVIEW are now privileged to study more at length in the delightful pages of Stella Benson where he re-appears to recall other scenes and other duties to at least one of the readers.

Yours faithfully,

V. L. P. FOWKE.

"It's a lovely morning" said Alice,

"Good for the ducks" muttered the March Hare as he gingerly rubbed his chin.

"He's cross again this morning" explained the Mad Hatter. "He *will* use a shaving stick"

"Butter is best" said the Dormouse, waking for a moment "but cream is better." "With treacle" he added as he fell asleep.

"You can't use it with treacle" said the Mad Hatter "it makes the razor pull: but it's beautiful alone. Would you like some in your tea?"

"I'm going to use it tomorrow" suddenly shouted the March Hare.

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(With abject apologies to Lewis Carroll and his readers)

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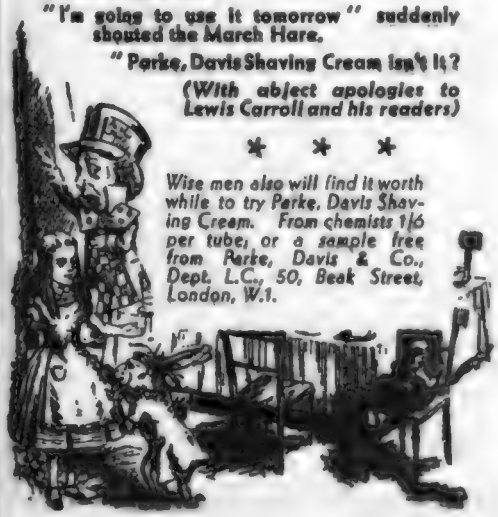

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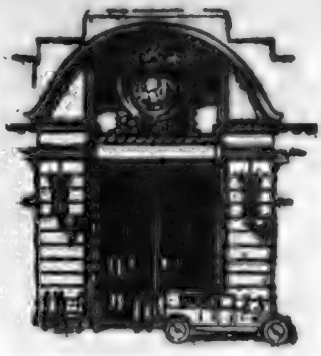

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EAST HARDING STREET, E.C. 4, AND PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
THE ENGLISH REVIEW (1911) LTD., 6, GREAT NEW STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4.
REGISTERED FOR CANADIAN POSTAGE
ENTERED AT THE NEW YORK POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER.